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DOAN WALKER FOR TIME

The Din of Battle: Inside the Clinton war room (see SPECIAL REPORT)



JAY DICKMAN FOR TIME

In Search of History: To root out the past, amateur genealogists turn high-tech (see COVER)



REINHOLD MAYER/REUTERS

Master Builder: Norman Foster's vision of the Reichstag (see THE ARTS)

TO OUR READERS	6	MEDICINE: Tumor Drug for the Heart	48
AMERICAN SCENE: In Chapel Hill, N.C., the price of insanity.....	8	A promising cancer treatment may also battle atherosclerosis	
NOTEBOOK	13	When Kids Smoke: Damage to their DNA may be irreversible.....	48
JOEL STEIN meets the political-joke establishment.....	16	PRESS: Apostle to the Dinosaurs?	51
MILESTONES	21	Johnny Hart and his B.C. strip get religion—and controversy	
SPECIAL REPORT		IDEAS: The Memo-ing of Life	52
THE WHITE HOUSE: The Degradation of War	22	Richard Dawkins on the spread of an infectious idea	
Bill Clinton contemplates his diplomatic and strategic options		Mementos: Highbrow fad or rich new model of the mind?.....	53
as the attacks on Yugoslavia continue—and Slobodan		COVER: Dreams of Genealogy	54
Milosevic betrays little sign of capitulation		Inspired by Web resources, vast forests of family trees are	
Montenegro: A most likely domino.....	27	being cultivated by fervid amateur historians	
KOSOVO: Running with the Guerrillas	28	Where to Look: Start on the Net, but then branch out.....	58
Amid chaos, the K.L.A. is preparing its next offensive		National Archives: A mother lode of records.....	67
Blood Feuds: The U.S. role in ethnic strife around the world.....	30	African Americans: The painful heritage of slavery.....	68
THE SPIN: Details? Who Needs Details?	32	THE ARTS	
The Pentagon takes all questions but gives sparse answers		ARCHITECTURE: Humanism and utilitarianism inform the	
BUSINESS		genius of Pritzker prizewinner Norman Foster.....	70
MARKETING: Greeting-Card Companies Are Lost for Words	34	CINEMA: The Matrix —a hit from some myths.....	75
When consumers no longer care to send the very best		Metroland —a little fanfare for the common man.....	76
PENSIONS: Now You See It, Now You Don't	36	Hideous Kinky —Kate Winslet seeks bliss in Morocco.....	77
Older workers fight a plan that shrinks their retirement benefits		BOOKS: Bridget Jones's American cousins.....	78
INVESTMENT: The Next IPO—Porn?	43	J.P. Morgan, the shy robber baron.....	82
The maestro of online smut has big profits		SHORT TAKES: Princess Di—the musical; Eddie Murphy.....	84
SOCIETY AND SCIENCE		THEATER: Kevin Spacey blazes in a powerful <i>Iceman</i>	84
EDUCATION: Hard Sell in the Classroom	44	PERSONAL TIME	
Schools in need of money turn to advertisers for dollars		YOUR TECHNOLOGY: Josh Quittner on millennial Microsoft.....	85
LAW: Bringing Y2K to Court	45	YOUR HEALTH: Christine Gorman on the Lyme vaccine.....	86
Doomsday is months away, but attorneys are filing suits now		YOUR MONEY: Daniel Kadlec on low-priced tech IPOs.....	88
ARCHAEOLOGY: The Mummies in the Mountain	46	PEOPLE: The portraits of Kurt Cobain; brothers in film.....	91
A discovery in the Andes casts light on the ancient Incas			

COVER: Illustration for TIME by Rafal Olbinski

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Chris Evert's Service Gives Families A Second Chance

Growing up in Florida, Chris Evert donated some of her allowance to support children overseas.

"I had these romantic dreams of leaving home and going to another country and helping people," she says.

Evert eventually did serve in foreign lands—well, she served, volleyed and drilled crosscourt winners. Indeed, she became one of the leading women's tennis players ever, earning 18 Grand Slam singles titles, including seven French Opens, three Wimbledon and two Australian Opens.

Evert was ranked No. 1 or 2 in the world from 1975 to '86.

After her 1989 retirement, she returned home to Florida and fulfilled her ambition to help others by founding Chris Evert Charities. A month after her last match, she hosted the first Chris Evert Pro-Celebrity Tennis Classic. The tournament has been held each fall except in 1991, when Evert gave birth to the first of three sons with husband Andy Mill, the ex-Olympic skier. It has raised more than \$8 million, including matching state funds, for various causes.

Almost all the money now supports The Ounce of Prevention Fund of Florida, which sponsors substance-abuse programs statewide. Many are for pregnant women and mothers, offering shelter, treatment, parental education and job training and placement services. And, most important to Evert, the emphasis is on keeping families together.

"I got involved in this because South Florida has always had a problem with drugs," she says. "And when I had children, I noticed this program specifically for moms. A lot of other programs farm the kids out, but we fund centers where



"We fund centers where mothers can keep their kids with them. I think that gives incentive to the moms."

mothers can keep their kids with them. I think that gives incentive to the moms."

Evert, a member of The Ounce of Prevention's board of directors, does more than raise funds. She visits women in residential centers, kids in at-risk programs (left) and drug-addicted babies in hospitals, and she has taped PSAs warning pregnant women about substance abuse.

"She's an enormous asset," says Ounce of Prevention Fund president Doug Sessions, "not only as a very active board member and fund-raiser, but just

having her name associated with our organization gives us credibility when going out and finding other dollars in the private sector and public community."

Evert's charity work also includes serving on boards for, among others, the Make-A-Wish Foundation of South Florida, Save the Children and the National Committee to Prevent Child Abuse. She juggles philanthropy, and her NBC tennis commentary, around raising Alex, 7, Nicky, 4, and Colton, 2.


"I feel guilty when I leave my kids for the day and visit a treatment center," she says. "But then I talk to the women and hold the children. I hear the pride in a woman's voice when she tells me how she changed her life after being on the street, or abused by her husband or on crack cocaine and pregnant."

"How many mistakes have we made in our lives?" Evert asks. "People deserve a second chance."—E.J. McGregor

For more information or to make a contribution, write Chris Evert Charities, Inc., 7200 W. Camino Real, Suite 310, Boca Raton, FL 33433, call (561) 394-2400 or visit www.chrisevert.org.

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TO OUR READERS

Publish and Flourish

CHARACTER COUNTS AT TIME. I GUESS THAT'S WHAT YOU WOULD EXPECT FROM US as a journalistic enterprise, but it's equally true for us who work on the business side of this great magazine.

So, on the one hand, that's why I am so reluctant to say farewell to Jack Haire, who has been TIME's publisher since 1993. Jack is leaving TIME to become president of the Fortune Group, overseeing the business affairs of our kid-brother business magazine, FORTUNE, and its kid brother, YOUR COMPANY. Jack and some part of the rest of the world view this as an elevation. I'm free to disagree. But then, Jack's my friend. He is going on to these so-called greener pastures because of the terrific job he's done here at TIME. He's increased ad pages and revenues and helped the business reach record levels of profitability. And we thank him for that.

But it is important to say that Jack's success comes to him because Leo Durocher was wrong: Nice guys do finish first. Among media and advertising professionals, Jack is admired for his passion for his customers, his love of TIME and for the bond of his word. Across the staff at TIME, there was a similar respect, built on the generosity of affection Jack showed toward the people who worked with him. His sincerity and thoughtfulness seemed unexpected of a person in such a big job. But it was one of the things that makes Jack special.

There's another thing, too, that Jack's wife Kathy says is his most enduring and endearing quality: his humility. "It's what I noticed about him first when I met him 20 years ago. This was a guy who had his head screwed on right. He knew what was important and what wasn't. And he came with this deep humility, this deep respect for other people."

So if character was a key to the success of the departing publisher, it is no less central to the choice of our new one. Ed McCarrick—his wife Pat insists on calling him Edward—is returning to TIME and a job he has aspired to from the moment he joined the company as a junior salesperson in Boston in 1973 to his most recent posting as the publisher of LIFE. And I couldn't be more enthusiastic about having Ed back.

Ed grew up in a family that read and respected TIME—notwithstanding the fact that his dad worked for *U.S. News & World Report*. "Returning to TIME as its publisher is a dream come true," says McCarrick, 49. "I wake up in the morning and rub my eyes, thinking it can't really have happened." While his impressive record at LIFE made Ed a logical candidate for the TIME job, it was other things that won him the prize. "Edward's got his life in balance," says Pat. "His family, his church and TIME are what's important—and in that order."

Pat... excuse me, Patricia, and Ed... excuse me, Edward, met on a blind date in 1968, but it wasn't until 1975 that they went down the aisle. "I married him because of his ethics. He's a good man, with a clear idea of what's right and what's wrong. And if it's wrong, he won't do it, no matter how it might benefit him personally."

But she also remembered one other thing about Ed from their teenage days, "Even though I was an Air Force brat, moving around all of the time, Edward would find me, whether or not I wanted to be found," she said.

Let that stand as fair warning to the ad community.



OUTGOING: Publisher Haire, on sofa, left, wife Kathy and sons Billy and John, on floor; incoming: publisher McCarrick, wife Pat, daughter Sarah and son Karnes

Bruce Hallett

E. Bruce Hallett, President

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TIMOTHY ROCHE: MICHAEL GOODMAN

Once an eagle scout and student-body president, Williamson is writing a book about his illness

mental hospital where he is confined. And other townspeople sympathize with Williamson as a promising young man who somehow spiraled into madness.

Williamson was an eagle scout and student-body president in high school and won a scholarship to U.N.C. After graduation he spent an aimless year in New Orleans, where he played guitar in a rock band, smoked marijuana and drank too much. He returned to U.N.C. for law school in 1992 but had trouble concentrating. He also began talking, his mother recalls, "about how he could read people's minds, and they could read his." One day, walking near the law school, he started screaming and slapping himself.

He was taken to a hospital psychiatric ward for 10 days of evaluation. During that time, the staff learned that he had his father's M-1 rifle in his apartment and asked a judge to commit him. But Williamson convinced the judge that he would be fine if he could return to classes. He continued, though, to be haunted by voices, and stalked the campus with a video camera, trying to prove that people were manipulating him

with psychic messages. "It occurred to me that I was losing my mind, but it was only a fleeting thought," Williamson recalls. "I thought the whole mental-illness line of thought was just a trick designed to mislead and oppress me."

In early 1994 Williamson began seeing Dr. Myron Liptzin, a U.N.C. psychiatrist, who found Williamson to be delusional but not schizophrenic. He prescribed antipsychotic medication, and Williamson stopped hearing voices. Liptzin planned to retire in the summer, and says he encouraged Williamson to find a new doctor but admits he didn't make a specific referral.

Had Liptzin made clear how sick Williamson was and that he had a "moral obligation" to stay on his medication, Williamson says, he never would have stopped taking the drugs—and never would have found himself on Henderson Street with his father's M-1 and 600 rounds of ammunition.

On the mild winter afternoon of Jan. 26, 1995, Williamson shot to death, at random, a McDonald's manager and a popular lacrosse player bicycling home from an accounting class. As pedestrians crouched behind magnolia trees and cars, Williamson exchanged heavy fire with police, until they eventually wounded him in the legs and were finally able to subdue him.

Few were surprised that Williamson was judged insane and acquitted of murder. But when he won his lawsuit against his psychiatrist, much of the state turned against him and the jurors who favored him. Not that Williamson will get much enjoyment from the money. It is unlikely that any doctor will ever release him from the hospital, for fear of liability. ■

Timothy Roche/Chapel Hill

A Psychotic Killer Sues His Psychiatrist

The former law student wins a \$500,000 judgment—and divides a college town

EVERYBODY YOU MEET in this lovely college town can tell you all about the bloody rampage on Henderson Street. They either witnessed it or know somebody who did. And they hold strong opinions about the deeply disturbed law student at the center of the story who shot two strangers to death, who was found not guilty by reason of insanity—and who then successfully sued his psychiatrist for \$500,000 for not taking his psychosis seriously enough.

Though the shootings took place four years ago, they still stir passionate argument at the University of North Carolina and in Chapel Hill, in part because it seems the case won't go away. Just last week a judge upheld the \$500,000 jury award

to the killer, Wendell Williamson, now 30. But that decision will be appealed, and other lawsuits are pending. And this week the case will be examined in Santa Rosa, Calif., at a conference of psychiatrists alarmed at the prospect of being held liable for crimes their patients commit.

Most folks in and around Chapel Hill are outraged that Williamson may collect a quarter of a million dollars for each person he killed. "Is there any crime you can commit these days and manage to be blamed for?" Wanda Jackson wrote in a scathing letter to the Raleigh *News & Observer*. But several jurors in the civil trial have become ardent advocates for better treatment of the mentally ill and visit Williamson at the



DR. MYRON LIPTZIN: MICHAEL GOODMAN

"This case is my Monica Lewinsky," says Dr. Liptzin, who is appealing the verdict

"My thoughts during the shooting were, Take that, you bastard!" —WILLIAMSON

LETTERS



The Century's Greatest Minds

“A single individual could never represent the best thinking of the age. Our greatest accomplishment has been our collaborative effort.”

S.D. NELSON
Flagstaff, Ariz.

IT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD TO LOOK BACK with a special issue on the “most influential scientists, thinkers and inventors” of this century (TIME 100, March 29). And, as you correctly note, there are no right answers. Still, you seemed to highlight the usual superstars of the physical and biological sciences while downplaying social, environmental and management-type thinkers. Much hard science is done collectively today, and soft science offers only bits of the whole, rather than knock-your-socks-off schemes that are widely accepted. But ideas from the late 20th century are what will get us through the next few decades, when we address issues of sustainability, global economy, aging and human rights. Coping with these problems will be far more important than any flashy new technology. I urge you to prepare a report that looks forward with the best we have today.

MICHAEL MARINI, EDITOR
Future Survey
LaFayette, N.Y.

IF THE GREAT MINDS OF THE CENTURY have given us the atom bomb, rockets, TV, the Internet and genetic engineering, maybe next time around you should celebrate somewhat lesser minds.

MALCOLM WELLS
Brewster, Mass.

OURS HAS BEEN A FULL CENTURY, DEMANDING answers, glorying in solutions. Somehow the bigger picture has eluded us. All the wondrous advances you covered are seen from inside the reassuring cocoon of the surrounding universe. No one seems to be stepping outside to ask the big questions: Why is there time? Why should there be life, matter, space? What's the reason for existence, including that of God? If we cannot find possible answers, we are literally nowhere. Let's admit it, none of us has a clue.

ARMAND E. SINGER
Morgantown, W.Va.

I SIT AT A MONITOR (THANKS TO ELECTRICAL engineer Philo Farnsworth) at my computer (thanks to Alan Turing, John Von Neumann, William Shockley and Robert Noyce). Philosophy can be unified or at least spread universally, yet in this message I am writing I have created something that did not exist before and now does. Today the entire world can communicate via websites and e-mail, virtually instantly. No longer are time and distance limiting. Tim Berners-Lee's creation of the Internet has warped Albert Einstein's space-time continuum.

JAY WIND
Arlington, Va.

YOUR ISSUE WAS A STIRRING REVELATION about the inquisitive and creative nature of us nimble-fingered humans. Naturalist Loren Eiseley wrote about the invisible pyramid of individuals upon which civilization is built—we stand on the shoulders of those who came before. Your report made it quite clear that the image of one person on your cover could not accurately represent our century's great thinkers. After all, a single individual could never represent the best thinking of the age. Our greatest accomplishment has been our collaborative effort to make sense of this great mystery of life.

S.D. NELSON
Flagstaff, Ariz.

WHEN WILL WE SEE THE ISSUE ON “THE Century's Most Skeptical Minds and How They Were Proved Wrong”? Your short report “What the Experts Predicted” reminded us that without these closed minds we would not have a reason to prove that something can and will be done. Are we forgetting that the achievers and the skeptics both went out on a limb to make bold statements? I can't wait to see what the next century brings us in the way of great doubters as well as great thinkers.

STEPHANIE MARCELAIN
Westfield, Wis.

THERE IS A LOT MORE TO OUR BRAIN POWER than just intellect, and we may need to draw on some of those older and deeper centers in the brain to get a real feel for the world and reality.

ALLAN SALTZMAN
Hamden, Conn.

Science Fiction's Mirror

BRUCE STERLING'S SURVEY “A CENTURY of Science Fiction” (TIME 100, March 29) not only missed the point but misinformed readers by failing to give a historical context. Science fiction started well before the 20th century in the works of Jules Verne, which were seminal in the field. Also omitted was the great forerunner of the field, Jonathan Swift, and his *Gulliver's Travels*. I also disagree with Sterling's praise of J.G. Ballard as “the most insightful artist the genre ever produced.” Methinks Sterling has his own row to hoe.

IRVING ROBBIN
Chester, N.Y.

WORDS WE LIKE TO HEAR



We admit it: after working hard to present complicated subjects in an accessible and interesting way, as we did in

“The Century's Greatest Minds” (TIME 100, March 29), we won't turn up our collective nose at a few words of praise. John O'Driscoll of Dublin is one of those who made us feel good about the effort. He wrote, “To say that this one issue alone has been worth my subscription for the past year is an understatement. Since it was delivered to my office this morning, I have put my calls on hold and achieved only half my normal work output.” Davor Pavuna, who lives in Montreux, Switzerland, and describes himself as “the most arrogant physicist on this planet,” congratulated us, noting, “TIME has produced an issue that is worth citing. Some thinkers are missing, but this issue is a keeper.” And Richard A. Marquardt of Northampton, Pa., gave us high praise: “I've been living the 20th century since 1930. Your report brought it all together beautifully. Wish there were a Nobel Prize for magazine articles.” Um, so do we!

CONGRATULATIONS ON THE GREATEST Minds issue. But I must take exception to Sterling's incredible statement that "Baldard was the first SF writer to realize that there was something basically lunatic about space travel." This is a lunatic statement. Space technology is a vital element of today's global society. Space exploration is merely a continuation of our biological imperative. As polar explorer Fridtjof Nansen noted, when men cease to explore, they will cease to be men. The solar system is simply the next stage. We now realize that asteroid impacts have played a major role in history, and it is therefore essential to develop defensive systems. This was the theme of my novel, which TIME published in a special issue, "Beyond the Year 2000," in the fall of 1992. As has been wittily said, the dinosaurs became extinct because they didn't have a space program.

SIN ARTHUR CLARKE
Colombo, Sri Lanka

Correction

THE EXCERPT FROM THE LETTER BY Kathy Patcin of Wauwatosa, Wis. [LETTERS, March 29], incorrectly included a reference to "naked" male bodies. Ms. Patcin's wording in her letter to us was "typical" male bodies. The word naked was inserted by an editor. TIME regrets the error.

College President from Mars?

I AM NOT SURPRISED AT FORMER CLINTON adviser Paul Begala's assertion that Steve Forbes "looked like he was the college president of the University of Mars" [NOTEBOOK, March 29]. Begala has spent so much time defending Clinton's conduct that it's no wonder Steve Forbes, a man who tells the truth, answers questions wholly and without attachments, seems foreign, even otherworldly, to him. I believe in Martians more than I believe in Clinton.

TONY ARATA
Nashville, Tenn

Sargent's Portraits

IN HIS ARTICLE ON JOHN SINGER SARGENT [ART, March 29], your critic Robert Hughes wrote that "as far as anyone knows, Sargent never had—or was even rumored to have had—a sexual relationship in his whole life, nor did he ever do a painting of a nude." As a family member of the artist, I must point out that Sargent kept his personal life appropriately private. The statement about his never having painted a nude is in error. Several Sargent nudes are reproduced in

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THE VALUE OF TIME

If you have some old autographed covers of TIME lying around, save 'em. They could be worth a bundle. Collector Arthur C. Kaminsky, 52, a New York City entertainment lawyer, has the largest collection of signed TIME covers in the world and knows full well the value of TIME, though he isn't telling.

Kaminsky has amassed some 3,000 autographed copies of the newsmagazine, which he has been collecting since high school. Kaminsky won't put an exact figure on the value of his trove of TIME memorabilia, though he allows that his Man of the Year issue signed by Mikhail Gorbachev (Jan. 4, 1988) is worth at least \$10,000. Kaminsky thinks his 1957 cover signed by Martin Luther King Jr. could sell for \$4,000. "I have a great passion for my collection," says Kaminsky enthusiastically. "It's been hugely educational to be exposed to 75 years of TIME covers."

If you are interested in starting a collection now, you might take a look at the online auction site eBay. Just plug in www.ebay.com and take a look at the wide TIME selection. Our sports covers have been among the most popular with bidders on the eBay site (TIME's parent company, Time Warner, has a business alliance with eBay). A few weeks ago, 15 bids were made for the 1949 Ben Hogan cover, pushing the price to \$217.50. Many issues of TIME are, of course, priced at \$5 or less.

Or you can buy in bulk. One notable cover cache, spanning the years 1954 to 1970 and collected by the late Eric M. McComb, is being sold on eBay one year at a time. Included are more than 480 autographed covers, including those of Senator Joseph McCarthy, sex researchers William M. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson and actress Genevieve Bujold. We're pleased and flattered that people think they're keepers.



Carter Radcliff's book *John Singer Sargent*, including *Nude Egyptian Girl* (1891), *Study of Nude Model* (after 1900) and *Male Model Standing by a Stove* (late 1870s). And let's not forget the nude figures in the murals that Sargent painted for the Boston Public Library.

CAROLINE AUGUSTA SARGENT
Princeton, Mass.

HUGHES WROTE OF THE "EXPLOSION IN the size of the public for U.S. museums." People are interested in and hungry for art. But as an artist, I have an ax to grind. I am so tired of seeing only dead white male artists covered in the mass media. What of today's artists? These days there is so much worthy art being produced by unknown artists. Enough with the history lessons on dead painters whose works are being shown in sold-out museum shows. They've been written about forever. Let's move on to the living, news-worthy artists of our time!

ROBBI GOLDBERG
East Moriches, N.Y.

Black Male Wanted

YOUR REPORT ON FALSIFICATION OF EVIDENCE by prosecutors and accusations of police racial bias [NATION, March 29] struck a chord with me. As a 27-year-old black male who happens to drive a BMW

(black male wanted), I must first map out a safe route of travel in order to reach any intended destination. By "safe," I mean any course where the police are unlikely to follow me, pull me over and come to my car, their hands on their unwieldy guns, with the sole purpose of finding out precisely who I am and what I'm doing. Go to nearly any traffic court in America, and you'll find it disproportionately filled with black male defendants. The police are the hunters, and we are the prey.

WILLIAM WOODS
Cleveland, Ohio

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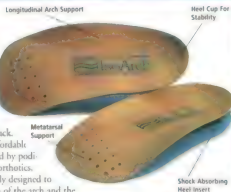


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Women	5-7 1/2	8-9 1/2	10-10 1/2	11-13	N/A



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UPDATE



THREE AMERICAN HUMANITARIANS were murdered. But will anyone be punished?

No Rush to Justice

THE COLOMBIAN REBELS WHO ONCE promised to execute those responsible for the slaying of three U.S. citizens near the Venezuelan border seem unlikely to punish the real killers. A spokesman for the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC) claimed at the time that the three U.S.

humanitarian workers—Terence Freitas, 24, from California; Lahe'ena'e Gay, 39, from Hawaii; and Ingrid Washinawatok, 41, from Wisconsin—were abducted and killed by a local squad leader acting without higher orders. Their bullet-riddled bodies were discovered March 4. But Colombian military intelligence intercepted a radio conversation between the squad leader and his senior officer, German Briceño, in which Briceño ordered the squad leader to "kill these sons of bitches." Although an arrest order has been issued for Briceño, the rebels are refusing to hand him over to authorities. And it's doubtful that he will face the FARC's military tribunal: his brother is second-in-command of the FARC, a Marxist guerrilla group that controls a large swath of Colombian territory. Insiders claim that the Briceños represent those within the FARC who are opposed to peace talks with Colombian authorities, and the murders of the three Americans may have been an attempt to force the government to back away from negotiations, under U.S. pressure.

—By Richard Emblin/Bogotá



FREITAS



WASHINAWATOK

NOTEBOOK

VERBATIM

“My hopes for you are simple: that you never go a day without experiencing the terror, humiliation, helplessness and hopelessness that my son felt that night.”

JUDY SHEPARD,
to Russell Henderson at his
sentencing for the murder
of her son Matthew

“I hear 50 atrocity stories a day; even if only half of what is said is true, hundreds of incidents have taken place.”

DORAN VIENNEAU,
European official, on the
Kosovo refugees

“I was looking for weak knees. I didn't see any.”

REP. IKE SKELTON,
on the NATO alliance

“I don't believe any statesman would envy my position. I am the President of a small republic, in a country subject to sanctions, located in the troubled Balkans.”

MILO DJUKANOVIC,
President of Montenegro

*Source: Shepard's USA Today column; Washington Post; Seattle, AP; Dukanovic, interview with TIME



STEALTH BOMBERS? Muammar Gaddafi handed over two men charged with the 1968 bombing of a Pan Am jet. After the alleged terrorists were flown to the Netherlands for trial, the U.N. suspended its seven-year-old sanctions on Libya

WINNERS & LOSERS



PREMIER ZHU RONGJI
Perky Chinese leader meets boyish American President. If they were roomies, we would have a sitcom

THE BEAVERS
Beavers destroy Washington cherry trees, proving who really has the sharpest teeth in town

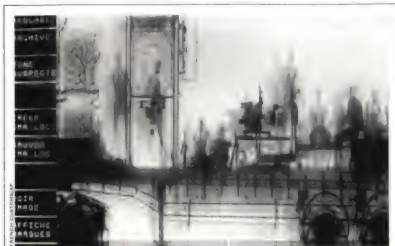
KEANU REEVES
Teens tout *The Matrix* as next bodacious thing. Keanu + special FX = let's play hooky

MADEIRAINE ALBRIGHT
The latest victim of Washington's most insidious weapon: anonymous finger pointing

HUNTER DROSE
Unmanned spy plane apparently shot down. Artoo Detoo holds Milosevic personally responsible

CHARLTON HESTON
N.R.A. head loses state ballot on concealed weapons. Next up: Missouri overrun by locusts?





A SHADOWY CARGO Several Kosovar refugees hid aboard a truck in an effort to smuggle themselves into England via the Channel Tunnel train. But an X-ray machine in Calais brought French customs officials into the eerie picture

LOGOS.COM

A Little Guy Takes On the Big Mouse Ears in Court

ARE THESE LOGOS SIMILAR? CERTAINLY. IS that actionable? **MICHAEL EISNER** is about to find out. Next week intellectual-property lawyer **PIERCE O'DONNELL** will ask a Los Angeles court for the right to depose the Disney CEO on behalf of GoTo.com, the Web search engine that was launched in December 1997 using the logo on the left. The one on the right belongs to Dis-



GoTo vs. Disney's Go Network

ney's Go Network, which made its online debut just last January. "We think Disney was well aware of our logo and consciously went forward with theirs," says O'Donnell, noting that in legal papers filed in early stages of GoTo's lawsuit, Disney named Eisner a "Person most knowledgeable" on how the image was selected. "They've offered us [a settlement] in the millions. We turned them down," says O'Donnell, who has won rights cases against Paramount (**ART BUCHWALD's** *Coming to America* suit) and Sony (which threatened MGM's Bond monopoly). "They keep offering more, and we keep saying no. This is a very, very serious lawsuit." Disney declined to comment. —By Michael Krantz/San Francisco

JONBENET RAMSEY

Month 28 and Counting

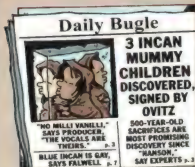
WHAT'S TAKING THIS MURDER INVESTIGATION so long? Apparently, Boulder district attorney **ALEX HUNTER** is going to great lengths to rule out all other suspects on the theory that by proving everyone else innocent, he can close down paths the defense lawyers for **JOHN** and **PATSY RAMSEY** might travel. Says a source within the investigation: "Anytime the Ramseys name a suspect or a piece of evidence that they think could prove someone else committed this crime, we have to check it out. If we can eliminate it, then that helps prove that an intruder didn't commit this crime." Hunter's wide-net investigation strategy, however, may have its flaws. One investigation source told **TIME**, "The thing in this case shouldn't be closing doors. The secret



JonBenet

is to open one. Does it really matter if you get a guy's handwriting sample, DNA and alibi if then you don't thoroughly check any of them?" Investigators still suspect that Patsy Ramsey was involved in her daughter's death. Some also believe **JONBENET** was the victim of molestation and the molester was someone outside the Ramsey home but with frequent access to it. Says an investigator: "Patsy Ramsey knows what happened that night." He adds, "It's hard to imagine that John doesn't know something by now about what happened that night, but then again, anything's possible." —By Richard Woodbury/Denver

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BREAKING THE PLASTIC MOLD.™

JOEL STEIN

Me and Mr. Smith

I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT POLITICS, BUT IT SEEMS TO BE a pet interest of many of the people I work with. So to fit in, I decided to half-listen during story meetings. The most interesting thing I learned is that candidates hire joke writers. Mark Katz, who is responsible for President Clinton's jokes, makes a good living doing this. I realized this is finally my opportunity to serve my country. If I could make the next year and a half a little more entertaining, I could die a patriot. Or at least make some extra money.

I called Katz for advice, and we decided I should latch onto the campaign of Bob Smith, the ultra-conservative Senator from New Hampshire, who is such a long shot that he didn't even garner the endorsement of the other ultra-conservative Senator from New Hampshire. While Smith holds absolutely none of the same views I have (except that there should be a fifth branch of the military, "the Space Force"), Katz and I determined that Smith was the only one likely to return my calls.

I also called Al Franken, who contributes jokes to various Democratic Senators. I asked Franken how much I should ask to get paid. "If you're doing it for Bob Smith, charge as much as you can and then write really bad jokes," he said. But I told him I wanted to be good at politics and not let policy get in my way. He agreed. "Suddenly everyone will take notice of how funny Bob Smith is, and then you can jump onto a bigger campaign. You just have to wait until after the New Hampshire primary, when he'll drop out." Franken also gave me some advice on finding the political-humor sweet spot. "I would find out if he's willing to do self-

deprecating jokes, because if he isn't, I don't know what you're going to write," Franken said.

Smith, it turned out, was badly in need of a joke writer. The line he keeps using in speeches is, "We have a character in the White House; what we need is someone *with* character in the White House." This was going to be easy money.

So I called Smith-for-President campaign headquarters and offered my services. The next day I got Smith's campaign manager, Ed Corrigan, on the phone and read him my best jokes, which included:

- I understand Bush and Dole have an advantage because of their name recognition. But, I say, "there must be someone you know named Smith."

- Until I noticed my initials, I said there was too much B.S. in Washington.

- After I brought a plastic fetus to the Senate to illustrate a point about abortion, a lot of people asked me where they could buy their own plastic fetus. And, no, you cannot rip them out of the wombs of plastic mothers.

Corrigan did not laugh at any of these. But I told him to picture funnyman Smith delivering these zingers, and Corrigan would be crying on his overstarched shirt. This he laughed at.

He got Senator Smith on the phone, who informed me he didn't need my help. "Given all the people I have to hire, I don't think I can afford a joke writer," he said. "I think I need a fund raiser before a joke writer." So for now, Smith is going to continue writing his own gags. I'm going to refocus my efforts on the next most likely candidate. And I've got some Quayle jokes he's just going to love.



FAMILY AFFAIRS



THE WAY WE WERE John Gotti Jr.'s plea bargain last week dealt a blow to New York's Mafia, leaving the Gambino family without a boss. It's not the only sign that the Mob just isn't what it used to be.



MOCKNAMES	BOOKS	DRESS	MOVIES	OMERTA (THE CODE OF SILENCE)
Frank ("The Enforcer") Nitti Jack ("Machine Gun") McGurn Fred ("Killer") Burke	<i>The Rise of the Mafia in New York</i> (1978) <i>The Mafia Mystique</i> (1975)	In court, Al Capone was impeccably dressed in expensive suits	<i>Scarface</i> (1983) <i>The Godfather</i> (1972) (L) <i>Little Caesar</i> (1930)	Even after being shot 22 times in the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, Frank Gusenberg (L) refused to implicate anyone
Nicholas ("Little Nick") Corozzo Dominic ("Quiet Dom") Cirillo Liborio ("Barney") Bellomo	<i>Gangland: How the FBI Broke the Mob</i> (1995) <i>The Mafia Cookbook</i> (1993)	John Gotti Jr. has gone to court in jeans and sneakers	<i>Mickey Blue Eyes</i> (1999) <i>Analyze This</i> (1999) (R) <i>Malial</i> (1998)	Salvatore Gravano (R) testified against John Gotti and wrote a book about his life in the Mob

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Please see additional important information on adjacent page.

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Zhu-ish Humor

HE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO GET China into the World Trade Organization, but during his visit to the U.S., Premier Zhu Rongji got a chance to work on his comedy routine. As his best lines prove, he's not quite ready for prime time.

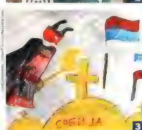
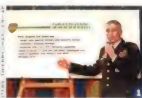
"God does not welcome me that much because it's raining today, and I know that it was very sunny here yesterday."—on his arrival

"California has a woman who comes each year to China. Every time she raises the same old issue about citrus fruit. Thank God, from now on she will never raise it again!"—on lifting the ban on fruit imports

"Jiang likes it, but if you bring me to see any, I'll just take a nap."—on opera

"To tell you the truth, I was really reluctant to come, ... but President Jiang Zemin decided that I should come, ... and he is No. 1 in China, so I had to obey him."—on his trip

"I like to call the attention of the Hong Kong press people. In your future reports, don't ever write things like 'present a big gift,' because that would be interpreted equivalent to political contribution or campaign financing. That will be very detrimental to President Clinton."—on campaign-finance reform, we think



Operation Iconography

BOMBING BELGRADE HAS CERTAINLY INSPIRED THE Serb city's thriving graphic-arts community. The "target" symbol worn by anti-NATO protesters, and Easter eggs (7), and now to be made into a Serbian stamp (5), is only the latest cultural icon to emerge from a people used to making memorable gestures—like the three-fingered Serb salute (2). From the sassy anti-American graphics of Serbian websites (4) to the menacing tiger patch (6) of Arkan's soldiers to the drawings that children (3) made reportedly "while the bombs were falling," the Serbs are winning the image war. How can the Pentagon, with its business-like flip charts (1), compete?



TANGLED WEB

NET VICTORY Now that Al ("Creator of the Internet") Gore has finally got around to launching his campaign website, all the election 2000 front runners have officially laid out their stalls in cyberspace. So, who's got the hottest clicks?



CANDIDATE	URL / DOWNLOAD #	COOLEST FEATURE	RESEMBLES OWNER?
AL GORE	www.algore2000.com 55 seconds	"Live" chat with the Veep	Answers to e-mail questions go on and on
GEORGE W. BUSH	www.georgewbush.com 26 seconds	Webcast of speeches; en español version	Looks pretty, but doesn't say all that much
ELIZABETH DOLE	www.edole.org 18 seconds	E-mail newsletter; Dole desktop wallpaper	Very professional—but options go fuzzy when you try to select them
STEVE FORBES	www.forbes2000.com 43 seconds	Marvel at the "moral compass"	Flash yet tweeish; sickly yellow color
BILL BRADLEY	www.billbradley.com 28 seconds	No basketball pics	It's a long scroll down
PAT BUCHANAN	www.gopatgo2000.com 92 seconds	That charming, amateur home-page look	"Internet Brigade" suggests packing chat rooms, stuffing online ballots



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Lord & Taylor

Farmer's

Hecht's

MILESTONES



RETIRING. JULIE KRONE, 35, the world's most successful female jockey; from a record-shattering 18-year career; in late spring. In 1993, riding Colonial Affair at the Belmont Stakes, the tiny but ferocious Krone became the first woman ever to win a Triple Crown race.



DIED. LUCILLE LORTEL, 98, patron of noncommercial theater; in New York City. Lortel was dedicated to providing creative havens for innovative artists. At her theaters in Connecticut and New York City, the onetime actress helped spark the careers of Sidney Lumet and Eva Marie Saint and showcased the works of Jean Genet, Sean O'Casey and Edward Albee.



DIED. HELEN ABERNETHY MAYER, 91, creator of the children's classic *Dumbo*, the *Flying Elephant*; in New York City. Disney adapted her story for its 1941 film.



DIED. RED NORVO, 91, jazz's original mallet virtuoso (vibraphone, xylophone and marimba); in Santa Monica, Calif. Born Kenneth Norville, he changed his name after an emcee mispronounced it. A masterly improviser known for moody, delicate arrangements, Norvo led several experimental—and highly respected—drummerless jazz bands. He also worked with Benny Goodman and Frank Sinatra.



JOHN H. JOHNSON

JOHN H. JOHNSON

DIED. FRANK CORDEIRO JR., 73, war photographer; in Trail, Ore. One of Cordeiro's most moving shots—a U.S. ship exploding into a ball of flames in Pearl Harbor on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941—won Cordeiro worldwide recognition.

NUMBERS



\$28.01 Minimum wage received every month by Nike workers in Indonesia before their pay raise last week



\$1.68 Amount of pay increase



\$139.99 Recommended retail price for a pair of Nike Air Max sneakers



1,351 Number of U.S. residents who earn more than \$200,000 a year and avoid paying any tax, thanks to tax-exempt interest



\$439.5 million Amount of tax-exempt income that represents



63 Number of new, 600-student elementary schools that could be built for that amount



9.7% Increase in the price of the average Major League Baseball ticket since last season, to \$14.91



23.5% Average ticket-price rise for New York Mets fans—the largest increase in the league



\$9.25 Cost of one beer and one hot dog at Shea Stadium, the Mets' home turf

Sources: Wall Street Journal; Fast Track; the Blind Buyer; the Washington Times; the Team Marketing Report

MONICA INC.

WAR AND PEACE Anti-American sentiment sparked by NATO's strikes on Kosovo made Monica Lewinsky's Russian publisher scale back the first print run of *Istoriya Moniki* (Monica's Story) from 50,000 copies to 10,000. But in its first week in stores, the tome has already sold out. Says a spokesperson for the publisher: "Men and women say she may be an awful person, her book may be trash, but they'll buy it all the same." The Starr report, it should be noted, sold mere hundreds in Russia.



VOLUNTEERISM



The Pope Sent top envoy to Belgrade proposing an Orthodox Easter cease-fire. NATO continued to bomb.

THANKS, BUT NO THANKS The situation in Kosovo is thorny, but lots of patriots have offered help. Here's some assistance Madeleine Albright couldn't use.

Ramsey Clark Former U.S. Attorney General visited war zone on one-man delegation to promote peace. Says a State Department official: "To be frank, I don't think anybody here noticed."

John Hagelin His Natural Law Party volunteered to deploy 7,000 transcendental-meditation experts to "reduce stress and tension in the Kosovo region." They were turned down.

By Norvick Barenick, Tom Gray, Daniel Levy, Lisa Laferla, Andrew Weiss, David Spitz, Peter Tarkenton and Chris Taylor

KOSOVO CRISIS LOOKING FOR OPTIONS

INSIDE CLINTON

The President weighs his choices as Slobodan Milosevic betrays little sign of desperation amid NATO's growing assault

By MICHAEL DUFFY and DOUGLAS WALLER

BILL CLINTON HAS THE VISAGE OF A wartime President. He looks tired, friends say, because the war's first week kept him up virtually around the clock. Days were spent selling the war to aides and Congress, and nights were filled with chats with leaders around the world. As a bid to encourage NATO unity, Clinton told his closest counterparts, Gerhard Schröder of Germany and Tony Blair of Britain, to call him whenever the urge struck. They took him up on the offer. "He doesn't care about time zones," explains a friend. "He tells these guys, 'Call me anytime, day or night.'" Those conversations, which were frequent and interminable, abated last week, but the strain the war has taken on Clinton isn't hard to see. During Thursday night's state dinner for Chinese Premier Zhu Rongji, Clinton dined with drowsiness, rubbing his eyes as cellist Yo-Yo Ma played a spirited Gershwin tune.

Clinton is settling into the fight in other ways. In the first few days of the air war against Serbia, he telephoned the Pentagon every evening to make sure all the American pilots had returned safely from their bombing runs. Two weeks later, Clinton no longer calls; the generals, he knows, will ring him if anyone gets shot down.

And last week Clinton executed the most important order of the war since its beginning on March 24: he granted a request from NATO Commander General Wesley Clark for 24 Apache helicopters and 18 long-range missile launchers. Those weapons might not sound pivotal in a war in which three different kinds of American heavy bombers have already seen action, until you consider the nearly 3,000



Photographs for TIME by Diana Walker

CLINTON'S WAR



“We’ve got to stay the course.”

—CLINTON

THE CHIEF

PRESIDENT CLINTON
Cheerleader in National Security meetings; finally showing signs of wear

THE HAWK

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT
Pushed for confrontation with Milosevic; now keeps allies' spines stiff

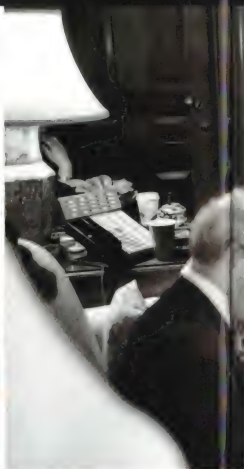
THE MANAGER

JOHN PODESTA
Monitors the domestic pulse; so far Americans are behind the war

THE BRAIN

SANDY BERGER
Clinton adviser oversees the bombing and the diplomacy that may halt it

KOSOVO CRISIS LOOKING FOR OPTIONS



IN FOR A LONG SIEGE

Sandy Berger pressed for tank-busting Apache helicopters to attack Serb armored columns in Kosovo. Now he faces the unpleasant prospect of Milosevic's finishing his ethnic cleansing before the 24 deployed choppers can do any damage

STATUS REPORTS

Madeleine Albright meets every morning with top aides, like Deputy Secretary Strobe Talbott, with hand raised, and phones allies who may be wobbly on the war. Meanwhile, she battles critics at home who claim she underestimated Milosevic

fully armed support G.I.s who follow those weapons everywhere they go. Even as Clinton, his aides and his allies insisted that they were not contemplating a ground war, the President was in the process of moving soldiers onto Balkan soil.

Before giving a green light to the chopper mission, the President passed the war's first week by studying Pentagon target plans, testing allied support for such a move and asking top advisers for their opinions. One weekend morning, while Clinton worked the phones with leaders overseas, National Security Adviser Sandy Berger, Secretary of Defense William Cohen and Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman General Henry Shelton shuttled for an hour between the Oval Office and the patio outside, alternately answering Clinton's questions and enjoying an incandescent spring day. Finally the aides left the President alone to decide whether to deploy the Army's air cavalry. A few minutes later, Clinton summoned Cohen and Shelton back in. "I want to go with the Apaches," he said.

If all goes according to plan—and few

things in war ever do—those choppers will begin arriving this weekend in Albania. More helicopters and their accompanying troops, tanks and armored infantry carriers may follow, though the Army is still sorting out details of the deployment. Meanwhile, the allies' air war continues to accelerate. With clearing weather over the strike zone last week, NATO doubled the number of daily bombing runs, demolished several key targets and rolled over a Serbian-proposed Orthodox Easter cease-fire. Just a few weeks after Secretary of State Madeleine Albright predicted a "relatively short" campaign, Clinton and his allies are settling in for a long siege, giving war a chance to work and praying that Slobodan Milosevic may be more inclined to abandon Kosovo after weeks of bombardment.

The allies have little choice. Short of an all-out ground assault, which no one seems to want, or withdrawal, which no one can bear, the Administration contends that the only option is to increase the pressure. Which means that less than a month after

it began, the Balkan mess is quickly becoming a test not only of military skills but of wills: Which side, Serbia or NATO, will first lose its stomach for war?

In that game, Milosevic has been NATO's best ally. By displacing and deporting more than a million Kosovars, he has generated worldwide sympathy for the refugees and turned an American public that was skeptical about the operation into wary believers. Pictures of thousands of refugees loaded into boxcars and stories of parents separated from their children helped NATO argue that the war is just and the enemy evil. Realizing his blunder, Milosevic last week closed the Kosovo border to refugees and drove any ethnic Albanians still trying to flee back into the province. (He then reopened the border last Friday night to force out an additional 1,500 rain-soaked Albanians.) "Milosevic played into our hands by doing disgusting things and then having them filmed," says a top NATO diplomat. "He's waking up to the fact that he's been stupid."

But he has also outmaneuvered the al-

250 tons of food per day is being consumed by refugees



liance so far. In just 10 days he has taken total control of the breakaway province, pushed more than 500,000 ethnic Albanians from Kosovo and created a huge humanitarian problem for his enemies. He believes he can outlast NATO, letting time open rifts between hawkish nations like the U.S. and Britain and such skittish ones as Italy. Already he has scored a small—though probably unanticipated—victory, by dividing leaders of the U.S. military and diplomatic corps into bickering, rear-covering camps. CIA officials have been leaking word that they had warned the White House of the refugee problem. Pentagon officials accused NATO war planners of being too timid. Secretary of State Albright's detractors singled her out for underestimating Milosevic. Albright publicly denied the charge, but privately she seethed over the damage to her carefully cultivated image. Clinton called her with reassurances last week after an acidic piece appeared in the *Washington Post*. "I read the newspaper for facts," he told her, "and I didn't see any in that story."

But the second-guessing at home may have emboldened Clinton to increase the war's pace, as foreign-policy owls in both parties argued, in effect, "We shouldn't be doing this; but if we are, let's win it." Allied forces last week boosted their bombing from about 200 to 400 sorties a day, added daytime attacks to nighttime ones and started to isolate Serbian forces inside Kosovo. And Clark, looking for more firepower, has sent a long wish list to the Pentagon. After a quick trip to Brussels last week, Secretary Cohen weighed in with orders to give the general whatever he wants. The Pentagon deployed 88 more aircraft to the region over the weekend, bringing the total of aircraft there to 700.

Pentagon officials kept up the steady roll of videotapes showing imploding bunkers and damaged industrial sites, and after a 90-minute closed-door briefing Thursday afternoon, Senator John Warner, the Virginia Republican who chairs the Armed Services Committee, came away optimistic. "The degradation of his military is appreciable," he announced. That was

not enough for some of Warner's colleagues. On Friday a bipartisan group of nine Senators and House members returned from a tour of NATO facilities with Defense Secretary Cohen and called on Clinton to begin to prepare allied forces for a land war and the nation for the casualties that will go with one. "It is important for the Administration to reinforce the point to the American public that NATO's efforts could require many more weeks or months to succeed," their letter to Clinton stated.

As the war's pace has increased, so have civilian casualties. Pentagon officials conceded that at least one 500-lb. bomb, apparently from a U.S. warplane, fell some 600 ft. short of its target and hit an apartment complex near Pristina, killing 10 civilians. Pentagon spokesman Kenneth Bacon called it an unfortunate but unavoidable cost of war.

No allied pilots perished in the war's first two weeks—a streak of luck that cannot last forever. The Apaches are fearsome tank killers at night, but their mission and their sensitive, high-tech gear also make

KOSOVO CRISIS LOOKING FOR OPTIONS

HEADING INTO BATTLE

The Apache AH-64 attack helicopter

Clinton has agreed to deploy the Army's Apache attack helicopter, equipped with sophisticated radar and night-vision systems. Its mission: low-level attacks

FUNCTION Hits tanks and radar sites

CONDITIONS Performs in all weather, day or night

CREW Two (pilot, co-pilot/gunner)

MAX. SPEED 184 m.p.h./296 km/h

COST \$15 million

WEAPONS SYSTEMS M230

30-mm Chain Gun (625 rounds/min.),

Hellfire laser-guided missiles (max.

16), Hydra 2.75-in. (70-mm)

rocket pods (76 max.)

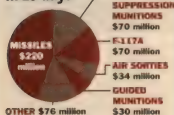
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Source: Jane's All the World's Aircraft

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Spending \$500 million in 15 days



MISSILES 160 cruise missiles at

\$1 million and \$2 million each

AIR-DEFENSE SUPPRESSION

Miscellaneous munitions that target planes and antiaircraft sites

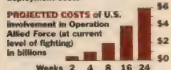
F-117A One aircraft shot down

AIR SORTIES 3,400 at \$10,000 each

GUIDED MUNITIONS One costing

\$50,000 in each of 600 sorties

OTHER Additional support and deployment costs



NOTE: All numbers are rough preliminary estimates of U.S. costs
SOURCE: Center for Strategic and Budgetary Assessments

them vulnerable to ground fire. Skimming low over the trees at little more than 150 m.p.h. with lights out, their pilots wearing night-vision goggles, the choppers have radar that can spot armored columns three miles away, and they can unleash 16 Hellfire missiles, plus scores of 70-mm rockets. The helicopters will be guided in to their targets by an armada of spy drones and surveillance aircraft. "It will give us," boasts Bacon, "the capability to get up close and personal to the Milosevic armor units." But it will also give the Serbs a chance to get dangerously personal as well. The slow-moving Apaches will show up like lighted Christmas trees on Serb radar.

The Pentagon knows too that the Apaches and rocket launchers won't be able to deter the irregular gangs of Serb thugs from terrorizing Albanian Kosovars any more than the supersonic aircraft have. "These are small-unit operations that are pure brutal tactics at the point of a gun or

at the tip of a knife,"

concedes Army Colonel Joseph Kaufmann, director of the Pentagon's Balkan task force.

"Consequently they're able to disperse well."

But if the strategy for war is relatively clear, the plan for halting it isn't. NATO's corridors, so recently filled with debates about whether to go into Kosovo, now echo with talk about how to get out. "Nobody has a clear crystal ball on this," admits an alliance official. The cautious compromise of Rambouillet seems a naive pipe dream in a land where compromise has been banished. Most Kosovar Albanians—to say nothing of the Kosovo Liberation Army—would never accept Belgrade rule. The White House has yet to endorse independence for Kosovo, but once Albanian Kosovars are returned, vows a senior aide, "they're going to run the place, and that's a fact."

What form that self-rule would take is still undecided. One problem is that parts of Kosovo—particularly in the north

70% of planes used in the allied war effort are American

and west—contain the Serbian Orthodox Church's holiest shrines. Giving Milosevic access to the region in a postwar world would reward Serb aggression. But not letting the Serbs in might be worse, making lasting peace impossible.

The solution to that problem may be partition. Under one scenario, only a small parcel—perhaps no more than 10% of the province—would be partitioned off for Serb holy shrines and the tiny Serb population that remains. Russian troops, whom NATO wants to join the peacekeeping contingent, would supervise this area, while the alliance's soldiers watch over the rest of the province—probably for years.

Simple as it may seem to carve Kosovo up, doing so could tilt the balance of power in the Balkans. A British diplomat was worried last week that a "rump Albanian Kosovo" would be just the kind of undernourished state that would unify Albanians in countries such as Macedonia, Greece and Montenegro. That could trigger a push for a Greater Albanian state that would include parts of several nations—a one-way ticket to chaos.

One need look no further than the border refugee camps to see how fragile the Balkans remain. While conditions improved for more than half a million ethnic Albanians who had managed to flee Kosovo since the air war began, the states to which they fled were convulsed. Inside Macedonia and Montenegro, officials struggled to hold together governments stunned by the economic and social costs of the influx. Meanwhile, relief organizations scrambled to build tent cities, and NATO diverted transport planes from the war effort to rush in food, which the refugees were consuming at the rate of about 250 tons a day. About 120,000 people were to be convoyed or flown out of the Balkans for temporary resettlement around the world; the U.S. first agreed to house 20,000 refugees at the American naval base at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, but then backed off when refugee organizations complained that the facility was too far away.

Milosevic, meanwhile, is still maneuvering to settle the crisis on his terms. His unilateral cease-fire offer last week was followed by hints that the three U.S. Army rows he had would be freed if NATO agreed to an Easter bombing halt. NATO ruled out any suspension, and former Cypriot President Spyros Kyprianou, who flew to Belgrade to win the G.I.s' release, came home empty handed. In a classic example of wartime double-talk, Yugoslav government officials declared that "peace has been restored in Kosovo." Milosevic claimed to be "negotiating" for the Kosovo

vars' safe return to their homes with ethnic Albanian leader Ibrahim Rugova—a man who State Department officials believe is under house arrest.

Clinton dismissed Milosevic's offers as hollow and vowed that NATO "was determined to stay united." Albright was to fly to NATO headquarters in Brussels on Sunday to give 18 other foreign ministers a stay-the-course pep talk. That shouldn't be hard: public support for the operation is high in European capitals, and most of their leaders have been burned at one time or another by promises Milosevic has made and later broken.

At least one of the region's leaders—Montenegrin President Milo Djukanovic—is still hoping for a quick resolution. "I believe the war is coming to an end," he told TIME. "It was good that there was some peace initiative launched from Belgrade. It was insufficient, but encouraging."

Milosevic seemed undeterred by the isolation. U.S. intelligence officials and diplomats say they've picked up no evidence that he's cracking under the bombing or considering any serious diplomatic feelers. Serbs—even as they are watching TV shows on how to explain bombing to their children—are ready to canonize him as the hero who has stood up to the world's superpower. And the White House has been careful so far not to label him explicitly a war criminal, to the relief of some NATO officials who realize the alliance may still have to negotiate with him. Asked last Thursday if he thought Milosevic was a war criminal, Clinton dodged. "The important thing to me," he said, "is to stop the killing, to stop the exodus, to see the refugees return, to see them safe, to see a solution that gives them the autonomy they were promised, to have an international peacekeeping force that will prevent this from happening again."

—With reporting by Edward Barnes/Podgorica, Johanna McGeary/Skopje and Jay Branigan, Mark Thompson and Karen Tumulty/Washington

Edward Barnes/Podgorica

The Balkans' Next Domino?

SENDING A STREAM OF BULLETS into the sky at 10:05 p.m. on Tuesday, a lone army gunner manning an antiaircraft gun in the heart of Podgorica opened up on NATO planes flying over Montenegro toward targets in Kosovo and Serbia. An hour later explosions from a NATO retaliatory raid rocked the city. Almost immediately, a cacophony filled the night. It wasn't air-raid sirens or the wails of the wounded, but the ringing of mobile phones. "Who cares about bombing! Is this the coup?" worried government officials asked one another.

It wasn't the coup, but the fear of a government tumble is on everyone's lips. For most it is no longer a question of if but when. Though Montenegro is linked to Serbia by a federal agreement, the state was slowly inching toward democracy—something most locals think Slobodan Milosevic wants to end. Already the streets are kind of pre-battlegrounds, where soldiers loyal to Milosevic vie with police for strategic positions, each nervously waiting for the spark that will make them turn their guns on one another. Political leaders are scrambling to get their families out.

At government offices there is confusion. Some ministers believe NATO will intervene to help; others argue that the alliance is far too divided to rescue such a small province. Milosevic is starting to turn up the pressure. He has issued a draft order for all bat-

tle-age Montenegrins, and his promises that no locals would be sent to Kosovo have been abandoned. Trees along boulevards now sprout the death notices of local soldiers killed in Kosovo. A civil war here would surely bring the dying closer to home.

PRELUDE TO TERROR
A Montenegrin raises the Serbian flag during a rally in Podgorica



KOSOVO CRISIS THE HUMAN COST

AS KOSOVO BURNS

Life inside the province continues to be hellish, and the view from the outside suggests it may get worse

By MASSIMO CALABRESI
ON THE MACEDONIA-KOSOVO BORDER

KOSOVO IS NOT A PLACE PREPARING for peace. Every day the province is filled with awful violence. NATO warplanes are slamming Serbian troops with tons of munitions, guided by tiny drones that hum overhead. Deep in the Kosovo hills, the Kosovo Liberation Army is fighting defensive battles, trying to conserve its resources. And in the middle of all this, NATO now says that up to 700,000 refugees are wandering homeless, brutalized by Serbian forces and desperately seeking a way out. Slobodan Milosevic has tried to put a lid on the province—limiting media access and stemming the outflow of refugees—but tales of horror continue to escape. And with K.L.A. troops busily rearming and Serbian forces mining, entrenching and leveling the province, much more violence probably lies ahead before Kosovo has its first hint of peace.

The roots of Kosovo's continuing chaos are, of course, strategic. They arise from Milosevic's aims and the long, bitter history of the Balkans. But in a practical sense, they also have to do with the very specific problem of fighting a day-to-day guerrilla war in a hilly country, where camouflage is easy and offensive operation hard. Kosovo's mountains stretch up nearly 9,000 ft., and the snow-clogged highlands are almost completely underdeveloped, with few four-wheel-drive tracks and no roads. The only modes of transport are donkeys and feet—a kind of primitiveness that serves as a leveler between the ammo-starved K.L.A. and the powerfully armed Serbs.

The rebel army is already preparing for its next offensive, tapping support

from a widely dispersed Albanian diaspora that reaches as far as New Jersey, where last week K.L.A. representatives held an event. And in the regions around Kosovo, the K.L.A. is sharpening its rudimentary training and logistics network. The key element of that web is a recruiting operation that may have pulled in thousands of battle-age men. In Albania, near the town of Dur-

cuits from among the refugees or, alternatively, as much as \$300—a kind of weapons tax or service exemption.

Inside Kosovo, the K.L.A. is surviving better than expected. The CIA initially feared that thousands of Kosovar men had been massacred, but it now believes many have actually slipped off to join the K.L.A. in the hills, in some cases helping guide NATO warplanes in for attacks. The K.L.A. is husbanding what few resources it has and is avoiding offensive operations "so it can fight another day," says a senior U.S. intelligence official. "Reports of their demise are premature," he explains, "They have been badly hampered but not wiped out."

Near the rugged border with Montenegro and Albania, French journalists managed to reach a unit in the Rugova valley west of the cleansed town of Pec. They said the rebels were organized and disciplined and appeared to be holding their own against the Serbs in sporadic fighting. In a bold move last Tuesday, rebels from this group phoned NATO and requested that planes take out a specific bridge.

Twenty-four hours later, the K.L.A. commander claimed, it was gone. NATO has so far stopped short of shipping arms to the K.L.A. Administration sources say they fear such a move would encourage the Russians to retaliate by rearming Milosevic's forces with a variety of weapons.

Some of the estimated 40,000 Serbian soldiers and irregulars on the ground in Kosovo are now digging in deeper. In a clear message to the West, troops last week began laying mines along Kosovo's borders within sight of Western television cameras. The mining operation is probably also designed to help stop such incidents as the spasm of fighting that broke out late last week between Serbian forces and Albanian-based K.L.A. forces. The Yugoslav military issued a furious statement decrying the "aggression"—and reportedly lobbed some artillery shells into Albania for good measure. The image of a well-trained and well-financed K.L.A. using bases in Macedonia and Albania to fight the Serbs clearly haunts Belgrade.



Mining

The Serbs lay a mine, circled, on a road to the Kosovo border as fires rage in Pristina, left



Recruiting


The K.L.A. rounds up ethnic Albanians in Kosovo, left, to join in the fight against the Serbs

res, unarmed ethnic Albanian volunteers from Western Europe (countries like Switzerland and Germany are a particular source) head toward the border with supplies for the war. There, K.L.A. and refugees say, they join other young men for two weeks of training.

Not everyone in the training camps is a volunteer, however. The K.L.A. is stopping some vehicles heading south from the Kosovo border and demanding re-

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KOSOVO CRISIS THE HUMAN COST

In addition to the military struggle, the Serbs are evidently continuing their campaign of generalized terror. In particular, there are reports of rape inside Kosovo, something that the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees' Chris Janowski calls credible. But allegations of an orchestrated rape campaign by Serbs, he says, have not yet been confirmed. U.S. satellites do seem to have picked up solid visual evidence—pictures of abandoned towns and farms—of the ethnic cleansing, which has now flushed Albanians from almost all of western Kosovo. One stark image shows Serb armor apparently "herding" a group of civilians out of their village. The brutality of the moves has so traumatized many refugees that officials now plan to augment shipments of food and medical supplies with teams of specially trained psychological counselors.

The latest accusations from the West include the charge that Kosovars are being used as human shields. "We certainly hear

"The problem we fear is the humanitarian crisis that isn't being managed inside Kosovo."

—J. Brian Atwood, U.S. AID

that [Serb forces] have surrounded military vehicles with civilians," says Pentagon spokesman Kenneth Bacon. Such stories are particularly difficult to confirm, but there is special concern after the disappearance of tens of thousands of refugees who had been seen just inside Kosovo trying to get out. Last Tuesday night, at least 70,000 refugees had gathered on the Kosovo side of border crossings into Montenegro, Albania and Macedonia. At dawn on Wednesday, the crossings were empty.

While there is no evidence the missing are being used as human shields, there is little doubt they are in danger. "I don't think anyone took the measure of Milosevic's capacity for brutality," says J. Brian Atwood, director of the U.S. Agency for International Development, who is coordinating the U.S. refugee response. Now "the problem we fear is the humanitarian crisis that isn't being managed inside Kosovo." And as fighting between the R.L.A. and Serbian forces begins to pick up, that problem will only grow worse. —*With reporting by Altin Rrahimi/Kukes, Jan Stojaspal/Tirana, and Mark Thompson and Douglas Waller/Washington*

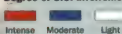
When to Jump In: The World's Other Wars

Can the U.S. draw the line at Kosovo? The world is speckled with dangerous ethnic conflicts, often with death tolls that are already tens or hundreds of times the estimated count in Kosovo. The U.S. has pursued a hodgepodge policy in the past, picking and choosing involvements based on both the humanitarian need and the geopolitical importance. The *National Journal* recently cast an eye back at the ethnic and civil wars that have bedeviled the past decade. Here we offer a similar look at the relationship between human cost and U.S. intervention.

Deaths



Degree of U.S. involvement



DEATH
TOLL
100s

Atlantic
Ocean

HAITI



Conflict The 1991 military coup led to civil strife, assassinations and thousands of refugees.
U.S. Action 20,000 troops intervened; 500 remain; no U.S. combat deaths

BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA

Conflict Move for Bosnian independence in 1991 brought Serb opposition and ethnic cleansing.
U.S. Action Embargo, bombing and intervention by U.S. troops; 6,000 remain

NORTHERN IRELAND



Conflict 30 years of sectarian violence.
U.S. Action Extensive involvement using ambassadors, peace talks and intervention by Clinton

ALGERIA

Conflict Seven-year civil war between Islamic militants and secularist military government.
U.S. Action Joined in U.N. fact finding trip; offered observers for election

SIERRA LEONE

Conflict Civil war, with rural rebels trying to depose urban government.
U.S. Action Supports a multinational military force to keep elected government in power

LIBERIA

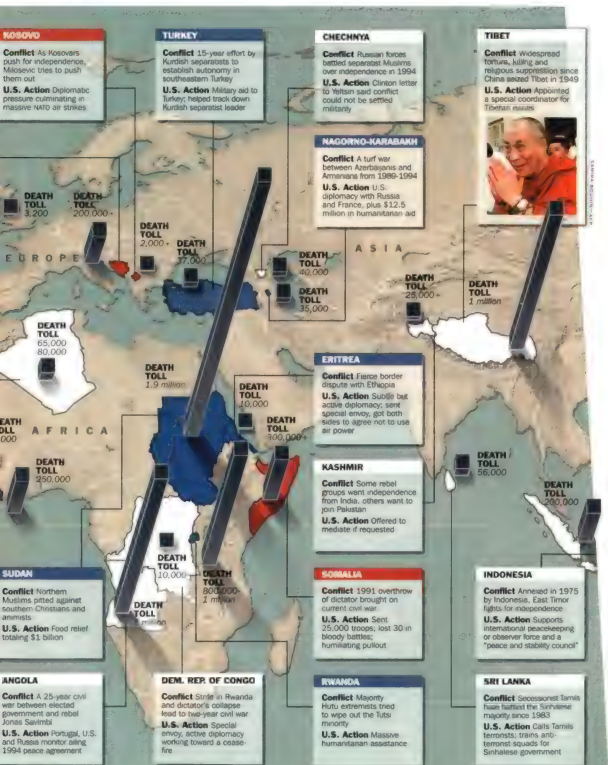
Conflict Seven-year civil war with ethnic overtones.
U.S. Action Helped finance 30-nation peacekeeping force; spent \$7.5 million to help ensure a fair election

SOUTH
AMERICA

Source: *National Journal*

TIME Map by Ed Gubel

75% of Kosovo is now controlled by Milosevic's forces, according to U.S. intelligence



KOSOVO CRISIS THE MEDIA

SPEAK NO DETAILS

The Pentagon has a new media strategy for this war. Here's how it works

By ROMESH RATNESAR

THE MOST ENTERTAINING SIDESHOW of the war in Kosovo is staged almost every day at the Pentagon's press briefing room. There exasperated reporters conduct jousting sessions with uniformed military commanders in vain attempts to divine the most banal of battlefield data information. How many NATO air strikes have been aborted because of bad weather? "I'm afraid I can't get into that level of detail right off the top of my head," Vice Admiral Scott Fry said at a Pentagon briefing early in the campaign. How about an approximation? "I'd prefer not to even approximate it." A ballpark figure? "I don't have that information available." How many of Milosevic's surface-to-air missile launchers have been taken out by NATO bombers? "That's a military number I'm not going to talk about." Major General Charles Wald told a reporter last week. How about a guess? "A large percentage." A large percentage of SAM launchers? "The launchers themselves, no ... He still has a large number left." But you just said ... oh, never mind.

This may seem like something out of Ionesco, but the Pentagon is playing by a script. For months Secretary of Defense William Cohen has fretted that Pentagon officials were leaking too much sensitive security information to the press. The top brass ordered a clampdown on the release of specifics about the NATO campaign in Kosovo, so military briefers have remained maddeningly vague. Take the oft-repeated NATO goal of "degrading" the Yugoslav military. "Degrading could mean breaking the window of a barracks," says George Wilson, a former

Pentagon reporter for the Washington Post. "We don't have any specifics. It's much more restrictive than other wars I've covered." Journalists are getting testy. Last week, when Pentagon spokesman Kenneth Bacon opened a briefing by saying he would take questions "until the cows go home," reporters were unimpressed. "How about until the refugees go home?" an irritated wag wearily asked.

But just as the Pentagon is experimenting with new tactics in the skies over Kosovo, it is also experimenting with new ways of handling the media. Bacon says that in the age of cell phones and the Internet, the Serbs have instant access to any military information put out to the press, meaning that even basic military info can be translated immediately into Serbian battle plans. "We've just decided to give them as little information as possible," he said on the *NewsHour* last week. There have been cracks in the armor: some Pentagon officials were upset when the *Washington Post* reported, two days in advance of an attack, that the U.S. planned to widen air strikes to target ministries in Belgrade.

There may also be a more cynical motivation behind all this news management: it allows the Pentagon and NATO to shield potentially embarrassing details about the war. Despite video footage showing pinpoint allied missile attacks, the military acknowledges that only a small percentage of NATO planes have dropped ordnance on their targets so far. And though the Pentagon declined to say last week what portion of the total NATO sorties had been flown by U.S. aircraft, most military observers believe Americans are doing as much as 80% of the dirty work.

Of course, military briefings can never tell the full story of a war. But the conditions on the ground are even worse. Milosevic's expulsion of almost all foreign reporters from Yugoslavia and his crackdown on independent local journalists—have left Western viewers with little more than Serbian television images of towns smoldering from stray NATO bombs. The West calls it propaganda: U.S. intelligence officials say they have evidence that buildings in Kosovo that the government claims NATO destroyed were actually blown up by Yugoslav agents themselves. Sadly, the truth will likely remain buried in the rubble.

—Reported by Mark Thompson and Douglas Waller, Washington

RATING THE SPOKESMEN



KENNETH BACON

U.S. Department of Defense

Strengths: Clear, forthright, a straight shooter

Weaknesses: Onville Redenbacher demeanor belies faith in keeping a lid on details



JAMIE SHEA

NATO

Strengths: Folksy and amiable; doesn't hide outrage about Serbian atrocities

Weaknesses: Tends to filibuster; gives speeches instead of answers



DAVID WILBY

NATO Military

Strengths: Delivers bomb data crisply and with charm

Weaknesses: At times stodgy; he can exaggerate NATO successes and reliably skips mention of any failures

WINNING THE MEDIA WAR

The Los Angeles Times The Washington Post

NEWSPAPERS

With most foreign journalists expelled, the *Washington Post's* Peter Finn and the *Los Angeles Times's* Paul Watson provided rare reporting from Kosovo. Finn was detained and kicked out, but Watson has filed almost daily from Pristina



TELEVISION

Serbian censorship has made this a less video-driven war than the one in Iraq. Still, NBC's Ron Allen has roughed it in Belgrade to deliver daily reports. Though he left Yugoslavia briefly, CNN's Brent Sadler has returned and broken key stories



ON THE WEB

Despite heroic efforts by the independent radio station B92 to broadcast news via the Internet (b92.net), Milosevic shut it down. One site that still offers fresh audio and video news from across the Balkans is the BBC (news.bbc.co.uk)



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SATISFACTION
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Roses Are Red, Card

Buffeted by technology and demography, greeting-card companies struggle with the medium and the message

By RON STODGHILL II CLEVELAND

SINCE BILL AND HILLARY SWEPT into the White House six years ago, American Greetings has proudly trumpeted the First Family's annual holiday card as its greatest prize. Of late, though, some artists at the Cleveland-based company have been itching to lampoon their most famous customers, but worry about offending retailers. Sighs one illustrator: "We won't be doing any cigar gags, that's for sure."

They had better think of something. The big U.S. greeting-card companies are having a hard time tickling funny bones, warming hearts and sparking reflection. And they've got big demographic and cultural problems. Grandma's cohort, traditionally an easy audience and big card buyers, is dying off. Female boomers buy cards, but they're quite diverse in sensibility and ethnicity, so the one-size-fits-all approach isn't working. Boomer men, much like their fathers, avoid card racks for all but the most mandatory occasion, like birthdays and major relationship screwups. For Generations X and Y, paper cards may as well be stone tablets.

The result is an industry in flux. Although condolences are hardly in order—last year the industry sold \$7.5 billion in cards—sales are flattening and earnings are lackluster despite a robust economy. The industry enjoyed double-digit growth from the late '70s through the '80s. Wall Street, about as sentimental as a dollar bill, issued its own greeting to the industry recently: "Get lost soon." In a single day's trading in February, American Greetings, the nation's largest publicly owned greeting-card company, with \$2 billion in annual revenues, lost \$800 million in market value, tumbling 33%, to \$23.25, after warning investors that dumping excess inventory would hurt near-term profits. Gibson Greetings' stock is limping along below \$9, down from above \$29 last year. (Industry leader Hallmark, with \$3.9 billion in sales, is private.) Says



Sellers Blue

American Greetings CEO Morry Weiss: "When you disappoint people, confidence will take a while to come back."

Last month Hallmark delivered a different kind of greeting to its competitors: "You're toast." The company launched a new 99¢ line, undercutting the basic price by a buck, and threw a \$50 million ad campaign behind the new product. (Tag line: "Why not?") Hallmark too is trying to ignite sales in its 20,000 mass-market retail outlets and erase any notion consumers might have that it's a high-priced product. But the move—remember Marlboro Friday, when market leader Philip Morris cut the price of smokes?—will fall heavily on its struggling rivals, who can least afford it. "When the leading brand advertises so strongly on price, it's very disturbing," grumbles Frank O'Connell, CEO of Gibson. "They're going to pull pricing down for other companies by trying to compete on price rather than value."

Essentially, Hallmark is abandoning the high ground of prose and pictures for a frontal assault. Although the company still sells premium-priced (about \$5) cards in its own shops and franchised outlets, the real battle has shifted to the mass-market stores, such as supermarkets and discounters. There the cardmakers are left slugging it out over exclusive contracts for coveted shelf space. The aggressive deals cut by retailers, combined with slowing sales volume, have put the squeeze on profits.

The content of greeting cards is changing along with the economics. Hallmark's new "Warm Wishes" line is a strong push to change buying patterns from the traditional occasion-driven purchase to an everyday-anytime buy. Through a piece of weighty-sounding company research called "The Deprivation and Inundation Study," Hallmark concluded, among other

things, that folks who typically spurn cards can become converts for social expression, particularly when the cards are cheaper, more casual and punchier. "People want cards that say less," says Jay Dittmann, division vice president of business research.

American Greetings, meanwhile, is making an all-out effort to court men by tailoring its product to menspeak. The company views adult males, who traditionally purchase just 10% of all greeting cards for obligatory occasions like Valentine's Day or anniversaries, as a potential sales boon. Earlier this year, American Greetings launched Intuitions, a hip, quick-witted line of photo cards striving to capture a modern man's sensibility without being flowery. Been quarreling with your sweetheart? Rather than sweat an apology, why not slip her a card showing a pair of boxing gloves with the inside verse, "Are we fighting?"

Am I winning? The company believes the conversational language will attract younger buyers too.

Perhaps more cynical in its corporate strategy, industry featherweight Gibson Greetings is abandoning the constrictive moniker of greeting-card company. The company says it's in the "relationship business." Gibson, based in Cincinnati, Ohio, is focusing on potentially lucrative licensing

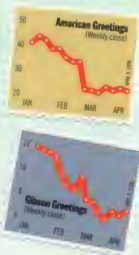
and distribution deals with everyone from celebrity photographer Anne Geddes and popular *Far Side* cartoonist Gary Larson to whatever character or artist becomes hot. The company has also gone virtual. It neither creates nor manufactures cards, having closed its Cincinnati manufacturing plant last summer. Very '90s. O'Connell, a former Reebok executive, says Gibson's new focus on distribution will allow the company to keep up with rapidly changing consumer tastes, more so than his rivals. "They don't have people designing cards who intuitively understand their customers' wants and needs," he says. "We're providing what consumers want, not what we make."

The brass ring, though, is the new digital crowd, a paperless generation that may have never penned a letter but contributes to the estimated 3 trillion e-mails sent last year. Still in its infancy, the Web provides the avenue not only for kids but also for men—them again—who account for about 60% of all Internet users. The three big players are currently vying for e-card loyalty in cyberspace with a host of upstarts such as Blue Mountain Arts and Barking Cards, which allow users to add animation, pictures and sound tracks to their cards. For mainstream cardmak-

ers, the trick is to dangle these Internet carrots to entice Web surfers to the card rack. "The Internet will be the catalyst for buying traditional greeting cards," says Ed Fruchtbaum, president of American Greetings.

Indeed, whether greetings come on paper or flash on your computer screen, the real draw will always be content that can speak volumes in a phrase or two or untangle complex thoughts with simple illustration and verse. There's an industry study that gets bandied about that notes that the average greeting-card customer spends some 17 minutes agonizing over a \$2 card purchase. That more than anything else is proof that people today are still consumed with saying just the right thing. The question is whether greeting-card companies will be the ones to say it.

—With reporting by Andrew Keith/Kansas City, Mo.



The Big Pension Swap

Accounts that yield benefits sooner are replacing traditional plans, but older workers are crying foul

By DANIEL EISENBERG

AFTER 19 YEARS ON THE JOB, HERB Schrayshuen, 44, an engineer at a public utility in upstate New York, thought he knew the drill: toil away for another 15 or 20 years, then drift off into a cozy retirement on the back of a nice, fat company pension. But last summer his employer threw a wrench into that plan. The utility converted the old-fashioned pension system, in which employees earn the bulk of benefits during their last few years, into a new cash-balance plan, in which they earn at a steadier rate throughout their careers. It sounded simple enough, but once he did the math, Schrayshuen found his future pension would be reduced by \$150,000. Maybe they'll throw in a gold watch.

If the plan sounds controversial, it is—at least to older workers, who stand to lose the most. Says David Certner, senior coordinator for economic issues at AARP: "Just when you're about to get to the most valuable part of a plan, it's not there anymore. It takes away an incentive for older workers to stay."

That disincentive, labor leaders charge, and a lower annual cost are fueling the rising popularity of cash-balance plans. Some 20% of FORTUNE 500 companies, including AT&T and Xerox, now offer these plans, which cover close to 10 million workers nationwide. Two weeks ago giant Citigroup disclosed that it too is making the changeover; the week before, CNA made the switch as part of a comprehensive benefits overhaul. Both firms are sweetening the pot with stock options to keep workers focused on performance rather than longevity. IBM is reportedly contemplating a similar change that would save \$200 million a year.

While consultants argue that these new plans offer a majority of workers a more flexible benefits package, opponents say it's a calculated attack on the financial security of millions of aging baby boomers just as

they're entering their prime earning years, when pension accruals increase substantially. Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York has introduced a bill to require firms to provide adequate information to workers on such benefit makeovers.

The switch to cash-balance plans reflects an economy in which job hopping—voluntary and otherwise—is the norm. In fact, close to two-thirds of workers fare bet-

ter on the job with close to \$10,000 in pension benefits, as opposed to a measly \$1,200 in a traditional plan, according to the Society of Actuaries. Under the same cash-balance plan, a 50-year-old earning about \$57,000 a year, with just over 20 years of service, would already have a \$69,000 nest egg, more than double the value of a traditional pension at that point. The downside: by the time that person retires, the cash-balance plan will yield \$138,000, vs. \$180,000 under traditional plans. "The old system was designed for the iron age, when people were beholden to one company their entire life," says David Zemelman, CNA senior vice president of corporate human resources. "Now your money never stops working for you."

Unless you're the wrong age at the wrong time. Since there is less time for their

newfangled accounts to grow, many employees in their 40s and early 50s could face the prospect of a 30% to 50% reduction in their final benefits. To ease the transition, some companies, including Citigroup, Aetna and Cigna, are protecting long-serving employees by keeping them on the traditional plan, and others are making higher contributions to older workers' accounts. Kodak is allowing all 35,000 covered employees to choose between the two plans.

Most firms won't be that accommodating. "We're talking about the people who are most vulnerable and career trapped," says Michele Varnhagen of the Pension Rights Center. People like Stephen Langlie, a retired engineer at Onan Corp., a Minnesota subsidiary of Cummins Engine Co., who claims his current, \$420 monthly check under the cash-balance plan, to which the company switched in 1989, pales in comparison

with the \$1,500 projected under the old plan. Many colleagues have joined him in a class action against Onan.

Companies aren't obligated to offer any kind of pension plan, and they can terminate them altogether. As long as they do offer plans, though, they have to guarantee only accrued benefits, not any additional ones. "Employers are not setting these up for workers to suffer," argues Larry Sher, principal at PricewaterhouseCoopers. "There are trade-offs, but you have to try to strike a balance." Older workers just wish it could be a bit more delicate. —With reporting by Sally B. Donnelly/Washington

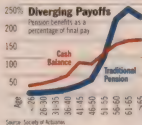


Traditional Pensions

Start low and build up over time, delivering the bulk of retirement payments in the employee's last few years

Cash-Balance Plans

Accrue benefits at a steady rate, which benefits younger workers. They can take their nest egg from job to job



ter under the plans. Here's why: each year, an employer contributes a defined amount (usually 5% to 8%) of an employee's salary into an interest-bearing account. It's more like a 401(k) savings plan than a traditional pension, which is typically based on an average final salary and total years of service. So instead of having to hang around for the long haul to reap most of the benefits, workers can carry their cash-balance earnings whenever and wherever they go.

Take a 28-year-old worker, for example, who's making about \$34,000 a year. Under a hypothetical cash-balance plan, he could walk away after only five or six years



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The definition of matter will be forever altered.
The restrictions of gravity will be lifted.
And time will no longer move in one direction.

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BY KARL TARO GREENFELD
SEATTLE

SEX HAS ALWAYS SOLD—in any medium and in every era. Yet the Internet has been virtual Viagra for the adult industry, with 1998 online earnings topping \$1 billion, according to Forrester Research, up about 30% from 1997. Lately, the only things selling better than sex on the Net are Net companies' initial public offerings. Entrepreneurs are seeking to combine the trends by taking their online porn companies public.

As CEO of the Internet Entertainment Group, a smutty company infamous for revealing Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee's most intimate moments and, last month, rocker Keith Richards in the saggy buff, Seattle's Seth Warshavsky, 26, has made millions from his cybermall of adult websites. His members-only Clublove site boasts 115,000 subscribers, who pony up \$24.95 a month for a variety of salacious fare. But he has also found gold in a bizarre array of pay-per-view Web events. Care to watch brain surgery live online? Or a sex-change operation? Warshavsky's live-just-about-anything imagination has made IEG a dynamic growth company of somewhat dubious repute. "The Net is the natural medium for adult content," says Warshavsky, a geek who has found his killer app. "We're in the right place at the right time." This year IEG, which he co-owns with 4 Star Financial Services, an investment company, is on track to generate \$100 million in revenue and \$35 million in profit. "It'll be exciting to see what happens with an IPO," Warshavsky says.

IEG, with 150 employees and real revenue, has a good chance of launching a successful offering. Adult companies have gone public before—Playboy Enterprises in 1993 and New Frontier Media last year—

TAKING STOCK IN SMUT

Displaying naked greed, Internet porn sellers are heading for Wall Street

but none of them, served up amid a frenzied IPO market, have been pure Internet plays. (One other, much less endowed company, efox.net, Inc., has registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission for an IPO.) And remember, many recent Internet IPO stars were companies with no earnings—think Marketwatch, theglobe.com and Geocities. IEG is already hugely profitable. If it were comparably valued, it would be worth hundreds of millions. "So far as whether it would be successful," says Gail Bronson, senior analyst at IPO Monitor, "you betcha. We're talking real revenue, real earnings, real product."

A bit too real. The stigma of adult content has been enough to frighten away top-tier underwriters like DLJ and Goldman Sachs. But for second-tier underwriters, the seamy associations might be worth the bot-

tom-line bump. Craig Gould, vice president of National Securities, a firm that says it is likely to be in on the deal, believes the company can be floated, pointing out that BearStearns found a way to take Playboy public: "History has shown that Wall Street has raised money for adult companies," he says. Fidelity and Warburg Pincus hold blocks of Playboy stock, while BearStearns and T. Rowe Price own positions in Spice Entertainment, another adult-media company.

Warshavsky isn't exactly a Northwest Hugh Hefner, although he has accumulated some nice toys. He lives in an expensive condo decorated with Asian antiques, across the street from his expansive downtown-Seattle office suite. "I don't live like the average 26-year-old," he admits. His latest purchase: a Porsche 911 Cabriolet to go along with his Jaguar and speed boat. He grew up in Seattle, and entertained neighborhood kids with magic tricks, including one in which an audience member put a coin in a varnished box. Warshavsky then made the coin disappear.

It's a business model working well in electronic form, with PCs replacing the box. Offers and suggestions pour in to this Internet freak show. "We are always working on ways of getting controversial material," says Warshavsky, who weeds out legitimate offers—relatively speaking, of course—from the cranks and seeks his next lucrative magic trick.

Just in case the smut repels prospective investors, Warshavsky is diversifying into myriad online properties, including a gambling site, a psychic site and a site prescribing Viagra. He has often repeated his mantra of aspiring to be the Summer Redstone of New Media (referring to the chairman of giant Viacom), but as it stands, he remains closer to being the Internet's Larry Flynt. ■



LOVE FOR SALE IEG's adult site is highly profitable



CYBER PORN-CZAR Warshavsky, left, also owns casino site goldenoasis.com, above, and onlinesurgery.com



Classrooms for Sale

Schools need money. Big Business has it. The twain now meet, but are our kids paying the price?

By NADYA LABI

SOLVE THIS PROBLEM: THE STAFF AND students of School District 11 in Colorado Springs, Colo., drank 30,000 cases of Coke beverages last year. District 11 has a 10-year, \$8 million contract with the soft-drink company that calls for the yearly consumption of 1.68 million bottles of Coke products. If a case contains 24 bottles, which answer is correct? A) District 11 met its goal, and its students will sing back-up to Aretha Franklin in a new ad campaign. B) District 11 is 960,000 bottles in the red. C) Students should drink lots more Coke.

The best answer is B, but a District 11 administrator chose C. "If 35,439 staff and students buy one Coke product every other day for a school year," wrote John Bushey in a September missive to area principals, "we will double the required quota." His advice: allow Coke products in class and place vending machines in easily accessible areas. "Location, location, location is the key," he wrote, signing his memo "the Coke Dude."

Schools need money. Students have plenty of it to spend: \$72 billion for all kids through high school, according to the most recent figures from Consumers Union. Those twin economic pressures have led to a disturbing trend on school grounds. In the past nine months, public school exclusivity deals with cola companies have soared 300%, to a record 150. And that's just the most obvious signal that schools are open for business. Calvin Klein models pout on the covers of textbooks; homecoming may be sponsored by Dr Pepper; Taco Bell dishes up burritos at a school cafeteria near you; and that new overhead projector may be just one company's way of saying thanks—for eating Campbell's soup.

Commercialism in classrooms has become so rampant that last week a California education committee voted to restrict the use of brand names in taxpayer-funded textbooks. Parents were upset about a McGraw-Hill math textbook that is filled with references to products like Volkswagen automobiles, Jif peanut butter

and Beanie Babies. McGraw-Hill representatives point out that the company receives no compensation for mentioning the products, which are used simply to get kids' attention. "The practice of using real-life examples is a technique that's been around for 12 to 15 years," says Roger Rogalin, president of the publishing company's school division. "We live in a branded society, and these are the things kids are talking about."

The product placements in textbooks do seem innocent of any overt commercial intent. Still, if you think Toys "R" Us and MTV are the only places where kids are being trained as consumers, take a walk through any elementary school or high school. Those splashy book covers? Chances are they're distributed by Cover Concepts, a

company that sells advertising space on book covers to companies like Nestlé and Calvin Klein. That new weight-lifting machine? The school may participate in any of the incentive programs run by General Mills, Campbell's soup or AT&T. Schools earn points for every box top, soup label or long-distance phone call—which can then be redeemed for athletic and educational equipment. Or the school may be flush with prize money won in a contest sponsored by Chips Ahoy!, which asked students to confirm that there really are 1,000 chips in each bag, or Kellogg's, which had kids make sculptures out of Rice Krispies and melted marshmallows. "Is it proper for public institutions to become salespeople and build brand loyalty?" asks Andrew Hagelshaw, senior program director at the Center for Commercial-Free Public Education in Oakland, Calif. "Advertisers realize that schools are the perfect place to develop new markets. Kids can't switch the channel."

That's literally true in the case of ZapMe! Corp., which gives schools a free ride on the information superhighway, providing high-speed PCs, Internet access, laser printers and technical support. The catch?



The Y2K Bug Goes to Court

A flurry of lawsuits has the tech industry worried



BRAND LOYALTY: Milwaukee kids win first prize in a Kellogg's Rice Krispies contest

Students must use the computers for a minimum of four hours daily, while staring at a 2-in. x 4-in. billboard of rotating ads. Students earn "ZapPoints" that can be redeemed at an e-commerce mall. "There's a huge gap between what schools need and what they can afford," says Frank Vigil, president of the San Ramon-based company. "We want to provide the solution." He has signed up 5,000 schools in his first four months of marketing.

School resistance to these kinds of ventures has been steadily worn down, ever since Channel One began offering schools free video equipment in return for showing kids a daily TV newscast filled with commercials. Now some companies are allowed into schools to do their market research. Noggin, an interactive TV network created by Nickelodeon and the Children's Television Network, meets with more than 300 students at a New Jersey school during lunch and recess for the express purpose of finding out "what sparks kids." To thank Watchung School for its cooperation, the network has "contributed" \$7,000 worth of keyboards. Education Market Resources conducts focus groups in schools on behalf of Kentucky Fried Chicken, McDonald's, Mattel and advertising giant Leo Burnett. "We are strictly a kids' market-research firm," says Bob Reynolds, president of the Kansas-based company. "We never promote or market goods." But the information it collects is provided to other companies that then promote and market their own goods.

Secretary of Education Richard Riley is fond of saying, "Better education is everybody's business." In Plymouth, Mich., they take that slogan to heart. District administrators are considering auctioning off school names to the highest-bidding corporation. No takers yet, but it could be the ultimate product placement: imagine your kid one day graduating from McDonald's Middle School and heading off to Coke High. —With reporting by Richard Woodbury/Denver, Melissa August/Washington and Maggie Sieger/Chicago

THE MILLENNIUM CAME EARLY TO WARREN, Mich.—in 1995, to be exact. When customers at the Produce Palace, a gourmet grocery store, started using credit cards with expiration dates ending in "00," the computer system went to Y2K hell. Technicians spent hours trying to fix the 11 cash registers, while disgusted shoppers walked out. The owners wanted the system replaced, but even after at least 200 service calls, the firm that sold it balked. The Produce Palace ended up filing what may be the nation's first Y2K lawsuit, which it eventually settled for \$260,000.

From that small beginning, Y2K litigation is swelling to a flood. It was inevitable that Y2K glitches—caused by the inability of some computer hardware and software to read years after 1999—would keep lawyers busy well into the next century. What's surprising is just how fast the suits are coming: at least 78 so far, as many as 800 legal disputes proceeding to formal negotiations, and a few large settlements, including one for \$7.5 million. If lawyers are this active now, how bad will it get when the year 2000 actually arrives? Lloyds of London insurance has predicted claims worldwide could exceed \$1 trillion.

Now, high-tech companies have started to fight back. Industry lobbyists have been working with Utah Senator Orrin Hatch, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and other lawmakers to make it much harder to win lawsuits for injuries caused by Y2K glitches. Bills currently working their way through Congress would raise the burden of proof above the standard that plaintiffs must meet in other lawsuits—that their version of events is more likely true than not. And they would impose caps on punitive damages and attorneys' fees.

The computer industry argues that the Y2K bug is not entirely the fault of

individual companies but is rather a once-in-a-thousand-year foul-up that has caught the world off guard. Says Robert Holleman, president of the Business Software Alliance: "These lawsuits are taking time and energy away from fixing the problem."

But trial lawyers, backed by consumer groups and the U.S. Justice Department, retort that the proposed limits on Y2K lawsuits would stack the deck against people who have legitimate claims. According to the proposed rules, a company that makes "reasonable efforts" to fix a defect could get out of paying for



TROUBLE IN STORE: Grocery owner Mark Yarslike sued over a Y2K glitch and won a \$260,000 settlement

the harm it causes—no matter how serious the mistake or the injuries that result. And it would cap punitive damages at as little as \$250,000, no matter how culpable the company.

While the early doomsday predictions about Y2K appear to be wildly exaggerated, serious work remains to be done. "It was only one chemical valve being left open that caused the Bhopal disaster," says Joan Mulhern, legislative counsel for Public Citizen. "To the extent that these bills are telling industry not to be prepared, they're sending the wrong message."

—By Adam Cohen

DEATH IN THE AN

A burial site at 22,000 feet is giving scientists the best look yet at grisly Incan sacrificial rites

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

BY MODERN STANDARDS, THE HOSTILE summit of Mount Ljullaillaco, in the Argentine Andes, is no place for kids. The ancient Inca saw things differently though, and so it was that one day, some 500 years ago, three children ascended the frigid and treacherous upper slopes of the 22,000-ft. peak. The three had spent time at the 17,000-ft. level, taking part in rituals that can only be guessed at. Now, accompanied by a retinue of adults, they moved steadily upward. They would not return. Once at the summit, the children—two girls and a boy, between eight and 15 years old—would be ritually sacrificed and entombed beneath 5 ft. of rocky rubble. They may even have been buried alive.

And there the story might have ended but for the tireless efforts of Johan Reinhard, an independent archaeologist funded by the National Geographic Society. Reinhard's specialty is scaling the Andes in search of sacrificial remains; he had already located 15 bodies, including the famed ice maiden he found in 1995. But these three, whose discovery he announced last week, are by far the most impressive. They were frozen solid within hours of their burial. Two of the bodies are almost perfectly preserved; the third was evidently damaged by lightning. The children's internal organs are not only intact but also still contain blood. Says Craig Morris, an expert on Andean archaeology at New York City's American Museum of Natural History: "It is truly a fantastic discovery."

What makes it so fantastic is not just

the bodies themselves, but also the wealth of artifacts that were buried along with them: 36 gold and silver statues, small woven bags, a ceramic vessel, leather sandals, a small llama figure and seashell necklaces. One of the girls, says Reinhard, "has a beautiful yellow, geometrically designed cover laid over her." Her head sports a plume of feathers and a golden mask.

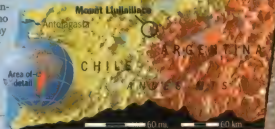
Some of the bodies were provisioned with bundles of food wrapped in alpaca skin, which indicates that the children came from the Incan social elite—not surprising, since only people of high status would have been considered worthy of sacrifice. Little is known about the sacrificial ceremony itself; these objects, along with others found at the lower camp, should tell archaeologists plenty.

The preserved bodies, meanwhile, will give scientists an unprecedented look at Incan physiology. Reinhard and his team took care to pack the children in plastic, snow and insulating foam before hauling them down the mountain, and the Argentine military whisked them off to the nearby town of Salta. There, experts will analyze their stomachs to find out what they ate for their last meal, their organs for clues about their diet and their DNA to try and establish their relationship to other ethnic groups. Reinhard will head back into the mountains. There is no telling how many more bodies remain to be found.

—Reported by Ivan Briscoe/Buenos Aires and Alice Park/New York



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. REINHARD FOR NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC



Scale is accurate for east-west measurements only. North-south distances in South America are vertically exaggerated.



DES

THIN-AIR SCIENCE:
On Mount Lullatana's
summit, Rothbarth prepares
one of the three mummified
children for further study.
A glassy haze, opposite,
shows how beautifully the
rigid conditions preserved
the young bodies.



Tumor Drug for the Heart?

An anticancer agent may also fight atherosclerosis

A WIDELY HERALDED BUT STILL EXPERIMENTAL cancer-fighting compound may be used someday to prevent two other major killers of Americans: heart disease and stroke. That was the implication of a remarkable report published last week in the journal *Circulation* by a team of researchers from Dr. Judah Folkman's laboratory at the Children's Hospital in Boston.

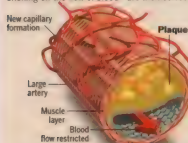
The versatile compound is endostatin, a human protein that inhibits angiogenesis, the growth of new blood vessels in the body. In tests reported in 1997 by Folkman, a prominent cancer researcher who pioneered the study of angiogenesis, the drug had reduced and even eradicated tu-

mor that builds up in arteries and can eventually clog them. Plaque consists of a mix of cholesterol, white blood cells and smooth muscle cells, and as it accumulates, a network of capillaries sprouts from the artery walls to nourish the cells. Could endostatin halt the growth of capillaries and starve the plaque?

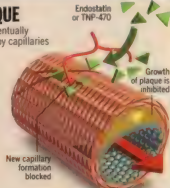
A Folkman lab team led by Dr. Karen Moulton decided to find out. The scientists put baby lab mice on a 16-week "Western diet" that was high in fat and cholesterol, then measured the plaque buildup on the walls of each aorta, the large artery that carries blood from the heart to the rest of the body. Meanwhile, they injected one group of mice with endostatin, another with

HOW ENDOSTATIN FIGHTS PLAQUE

The fatty deposits that build up in the arteries—eventually choking off the flow of blood—are themselves fed by capillaries



Without endostatin: Capillaries continue to sprout from the artery walls and nourish cells in the plaque, encouraging it to grow into a thick, fatty plug



With endostatin: Preliminary results suggest that endostatin blocks the growth of capillaries and starves cells within the plaque

TIME Diagrams by Joe Lefkowitz

Source: *Circulation*

mors in laboratory mice. How? By stunting the growth of capillaries necessary for nourishing mouse tumors.

When news of Folkman's achievement became widely known last year, it led to wildly exaggerated predictions of imminent cancer cures. When other scientists were initially unable to duplicate those results, questions arose about the validity of Folkman's research. Then in February scientists at the National Cancer Institute, with guidance from Folkman, finally matched his results. Reassured, the N.C.I. gave the go-ahead for clinical trials of endostatin later this year on patients with advanced tumors.

How can a drug that is apparently effective against tumors also reduce the risk of heart attack and stroke? The answer lies in the composition of plaque, the fatty de-

posit that builds up in arteries and can eventually clog them. Plaque consists of a mix of cholesterol, white blood cells and smooth muscle cells, and as it accumulates, a network of capillaries sprouts from the artery walls to nourish the cells. Could endostatin halt the growth of capillaries and starve the plaque?

All too aware of the premature hopes raised last year after Folkman's tumor report, the researchers have been careful not to oversell the new results. "If this finding is supported in future studies," says Moulton, "[it could open the way for] treatments that could delay the progression of heart disease and possibly reduce the incidence of heart attacks and strokes." But any such treatments, she stresses, are probably five to 10 years away.

—By Leon Joffe



A QUICK PUFF: Doing damage to their DNA?

Smoking Gun For the Young

A cancer study shows that tobacco poses more of a risk the earlier it's used

KIDS WHO SMOKE LIKE TO THINK THAT they're immortal—or at least that if they stop in time, their lungs will heal.

But a report in last week's *Journal of the National Cancer Institute* suggests early smoking may trigger changes in DNA that put young smokers at higher risk for cancer even if they later quit. Researchers studying lung-cancer patients found that those with the worst genetic damage were not those who smoked longest but those who started youngest. What's more, the earlier they started, the more severe the damage.

The findings are particularly alarming because they arrived the same week as the results of a survey showing that American children seem to be taking up cigarettes at ever younger ages. The National Parents' Resource Institute for Drug Education, based in Atlanta, reported that 4% of fourth-graders, 7% of fifth-graders and nearly 15% of sixth-graders had already smoked. Add to this the more than 3 million teenagers with the habit, and you have a major health problem.

Doctors used to blame the higher incidence of lung cancer among those who started smoking in their youth on their prolonged exposure to tobacco. But the new study, involving 143 subjects in the Boston area—some of whom lit up as early as age seven—suggests a more insidious cause. Explains epidemiologist John Wiencke of the University of California at San Francisco: "Use of tobacco so early apparently permanently impairs normal processes of cell renewal. Otherwise, their DNA damage would long since have been repaired."

That's not to say kids who have the smoking habit shouldn't try to quit as soon as they can. After all, there are plenty of other tobacco-related diseases—for example, heart disease, stroke and emphysema—that only get worse the longer you smoke.

—By Frederic Golden

"I got Lyme disease last year
and I'm being treated for serious health problems.
I couldn't prevent it then, but *now* you could."



LYMERix™
Lyme Disease Vaccine
(Recombinant OspA)

Protect yourself and your family with **LYMERix**, the world's first vaccine to prevent Lyme disease. Call your doctor now.

If you live or plan to travel where Lyme disease is a problem, there are important facts you should know. For example, you can get bitten by the tick that carries the disease while out gardening, walking, barbecuing, even playing with your dog. And, if you don't have any early symptoms, you might not know you have Lyme disease. You could be one of the few people who develop serious health problems. Left untreated, Lyme disease can lead to potentially serious joint and neurological conditions. Why put yourself or your family at risk?

There is a vaccine that has been shown to be safe and effective in

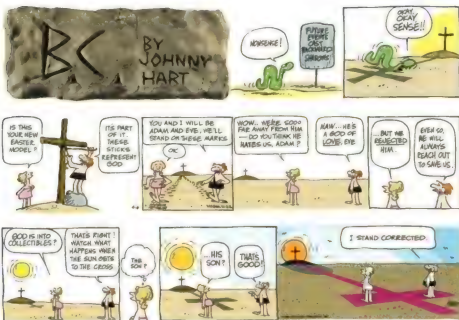
preventing Lyme disease. It's called **LYMERix**. **LYMERix** is for people 15 to 70. As with any vaccine, **LYMERix** may not protect 100% of individuals. Vaccine efficacy rates were 78% against definite Lyme disease and 100% against asymptomatic infection after three doses (after two doses, vaccine efficacy rates were 50% and 83%, respectively). **LYMERix** is administered in three doses. To ensure optimal protection, it is important that you receive all three doses. **LYMERix** may be associated with local injection-site reactions including redness and swelling, flu-like symptoms, arthralgias and myalgias.

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CALL YOUR DOCTOR NOW
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Preach It, Caveman!

Like a lot of cartoonists, Johnny Hart, the creator of *B.C.*, is Christian. But God forbid he put his beliefs in his strip

By DAVID VAN BIEMA

FOR THOSE OF JOHNNY HART'S ESTIMATED 100 million readers who hadn't tuned in for a while, the Easter Sunday edition of his caveman cartoon *B.C.* may have come as a bit of a shock. The characters were familiar; but *B.C.* and the Cute Chick were watching the sun set behind a very large cross. As the sun dipped, the cross's shadow extended until it enveloped them. The shadow, Hart explains, was done in blood red to indicate Christ's sacrifice on the cross. The Chick and *B.C.* were now drawn in white because "His blood has... made us white as snow." In the strip's last balloon, *B.C.* says, "I stand corrected," which is part of a conversation he has been having, but also a powerful pun: they have been "corrected" insofar as Jesus' blood has washed away their sin.

We are a long way here from Thor developing the wheel or the Fat Broad brain- ing the Snake. The story of *B.C.*'s periodic lurches into A.D. has been brewing in conservative Christian circles for a while, but got its mainstream outing in the Easter edition of the Washington *Post*. The piece recounted how Hart, whose combined work on *B.C.* and *The Wizard of Id* makes him the earth's most syndicated comics author, bought some satellite dishes. The installers

were evangelical Christians, and soon Hart was too. Around 1959 he began doing about five religious strips a year, usually around Christmas and Easter.

Religion is not new to the funny papers: Charles Schulz addresses it in *Peanuts*, although he notes, "I've avoided preaching, because I am a reasonable Midwestern student of the Bible." Bil Keane's *The Family Circus* portrays church and even heaven, but in a sentimental, child's-eye mode. Hart's religious strips are hard-core gospel. Last year Wiley's Dictionary, *B.C.*'s font of wacky definitions, featured "cross reference": no words, just three rags nailed to a cross, bearing biblical citations for Christ's suffering. The effect, for someone expecting the usual caveman schtick, is like finding a Communion wafer floating in the bowl with one's morning Cocoa Puffs.

Is this really a problem? The *Post* says that it and other newspapers have spiked Hart's strongest Christian statements. They may have been a factor in one paper's dropping the strip entirely. *Post* executive editor Leonard Downie Jr. noted, "We don't promote individual religions anywhere in the paper." In a subsequent interview he says he has run much of Hart's religious materi-

al, excluding rare strips that could be taken for direct attacks on other faiths or were "very strongly proselytizing, as though it were advertising rather than a comic strip." Meanwhile, the current issue of *Focus on the Family*, a publication of Christian conservative James Dobson, chides those "determined to find offense" with *B.C.*

Some of the usual suspects won't jump in. Abraham Foxman of the Anti-Defamation League told the *Post* that the cartoons, though "exclusionary" of Jews, shouldn't be pulled. Barry Lynn, head of People for the Separation of Church and State, says, "If I don't like a cartoon, I ignore it. Personally, I would rather they get rid of Mark Trail."

There is probably an issue here somewhere. It is not censorship, since American newspapers have the right to run what they want. Is this another example of religious expression as the only remaining taboo? Or is it that with Christians still the vast majority, the odds of a nationally syndicated strip extolling the Koran are low, and the playing field seems slanted?

Hart, from his studio in Nineveh, N.Y., says he would hate for people to think he's "a whacked-out religious-zealous fanatic"; he would also hate "for people to say I have an open mind," when Jesus is the way and the truth. The *Post* paraphrased him, saying that Jews and Muslims who don't accept Jesus will go to hell, that homosexuality is Satan's handiwork and that the world may end by the year 2010. The assertions are "really harshly stated," winces Hart,

but he stands by them (except the bit about the Jews, who may get a scriptural dispensation). The odds are, they will never appear so baldly in his strip. "Being hurtful is not part of my nature," he says. For years, *B.C.* has featured the Truth Pedestal, onto which people climb and make fools of themselves. "You know the saying, God wrote the Ten Commandments, not the Ten Suggestions?" Hart asks. "You could reverse it. I don't want to be thought of as standing on the Truth Pedestal shouting commandments." He considers. "I'd rather be thought of as shouting... suggestions." ■



HART: "Entertaining isn't always funny. We entertain thoughts"

PRESS

The Selfish Me!

By RICHARD DAWKINS

YEARS AGO, IN AN OXFORD TUTORIAL, I taught a young woman who affected an unusual habit. When asked a question that required deep thought, she would screw her eyes tight shut, jerk her head down to her chest and then freeze for up to half a minute before looking up, opening her eyes and answering the question with fluency and intelligence. I was amused by this and did an imitation of it to divert my colleagues after dinner. Among them was a distinguished Oxford philosopher. As soon as he saw my imitation, he immediately said, "That's Wittgenstein! Is her surname by any chance?" Taken aback, I said that it was. "I thought so," said my colleague. "Both her parents are professional philosophers and devoted followers of Wittgenstein." The gesture had passed from the great philosopher, via one or both of her parents, to my pupil.

Our cultural life is full of things that seem to propagate virus-like from one mind to another: tunes, ideas, catch-phrases, fashions, ways of making pots or building arches. In 1976 I coined the word meme (rhymes with cream) for these self-replicating units of culture that have a life of their own.

Since then, like any good meme, it has infected the culture. To quantify this "metamemetic" statement, I did a quick search of the World Wide Web. The adjectival form "memetic" clocked up 5,042 mentions. To put this into perspective, I compared a few other recently coined words or fashionable expressions. Spin doctor (or spin-doctor) got 1,412 mentions, dumbing down 3,905, docudrama (or docu-drama) 2,848, sociobiology 6,679, zippergate 1,752, studmuffin

776, post-structural (or poststructural) 577.

Further searching of the Internet reveals a newsgroup, *alt.memetics*, which has received about 12,000 postings during the past year. There are online articles titled, to name a couple, "Memes, Metamemes and Politics" and "Memes, and Grinning Idiot Press." There are separate websites on "Meme Theorists on the Web" and the "Meme Gardening Page." There is even a new religion (tongue in cheek, I hope) called the "Church of Virus," complete with its own list of Sins and Virtues and its own patron saint (St. Charles Darwin). I was alarmed to discover a passing reference to "St. Dawkin."

Memes travel longitudinally down generations, but they travel horizontally too, like viruses in an epidemic. Indeed, it is largely horizontal epidemiology that we are studying when we measure the

spread of a word like memetic, docudrama or studmuffin over the Internet. Craze among schoolchildren provide particularly tidy examples. When I was about nine, my father taught me to fold a square of paper to make an origami Chinese junk. It was a remarkable feat of artificial embryology, passing through a distinctive series of intermediate stages: catamaran with two hulls, cupboard with doors, picture in a frame—and finally the junk itself, fully seaworthy or at least bathworthy, complete with deep hold and two flat decks, each surmounted by a large square-rigged sail.

The point of the story is that I went back to school and infected my friends with the skill, and it then spread around the school with the speed of measles and pretty much the same epidemiological time course. I don't know whether the epidemic subsequently jumped to other schools (a boarding school is a somewhat isolated backwater of the meme pool). But I do know that my father originally picked up the Chinese-junk meme during an almost identical epidemic at the same school 25 years earlier. The earlier virus was launched by the school matron.

Long after the old matron's departure, I had reintroduced her meme to a new cohort of small boys.

I am occasionally accused of having backtracked on memes, of having lost heart, pulled in my horns, had second thoughts. The truth is that my first thoughts were more modest than some memeticists might wish. For me the original mission was negative. The word was introduced at the end of a book that otherwise must have seemed entirely devoted to extolling the "selfish" gene as the be-all and end-all of evolution, the fundamental unit of selection. There was a risk that my readers would misunderstand the message as being necessarily about DNA molecules.



Illustration for TIME by Gene Grief

me

A quarter-century after he launched an infectious idea, a scientist tracks its spread through the culture

On the contrary, DNA was incidental. The real unit of natural selection is any kind of replicator, any unit of which copies are made, with occasional errors, and with some influence or power over their own probability of replication. Perhaps we'd have to go to other planets to discover any other examples. But maybe we didn't have to go that far. Could it be that a new kind of Darwinian replicator was even now staring us in the face? This was where the meme came in.

But I was always open to the possibility that the meme might one day be developed into a proper hypothesis of the human mind. I did not know, before I read *Consciousness Explained* and Darwin's

Dangerous Idea by Daniel Dennett and then Susan Blackmore's new book, *The Meme Machine*, how ambitious such a thesis might turn out to be. Dennett vividly evokes the image of the mind as a seething hotbed of memes. He even goes so far as to defend the hypothesis that "human consciousness is itself a huge complex of memes..."

When the meme began, in *The Selfish Gene* in 1976, the message was a negative one: genes aren't the only pebbles on the Darwinian beach. In 1998, in *Unweaving the Rainbow*, I could be more positive: "There is an ecology of memes, a tropical rainforest of memes, a termite mound

of memes. Memes don't only leap from mind to mind by imitation, in culture. That is just the easily visible tip of the iceberg. They also thrive, multiply and compete within our minds. When we announce to the world a good idea, who knows what subconscious quasi-Darwinian selection has gone on behind the scenes inside our heads? Our minds are invaded by memes, as ancient bacteria invaded our ancestors' cells and became mitochondria. Cheshire Cat-like, memes merge into our minds, even become our minds."

Richard Dawkins is Charles Simonyi Professor of the Public Understanding of Science at Oxford University. His latest book is *Unweaving the Rainbow* (Houghton Mifflin). This essay was adapted from his introduction to Susan Blackmore's *The Meme Machine* (Oxford University Press).



Is the Mind Just a Vehicle for Virulent Notions?

DAWKINS' MEMES HAVE proved nearly as controversial as Darwin's ideas about natural selection once were. Susan Blackmore's *The Meme Machine* (Oxford University Press), which goes so far as to suggest that we are our memes, is sure to escalate the war of words that periodically rages on the pages of the *New York Review of Books* and the *Boston Review*.

Harvard University paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould, who has long battled what he calls "Darwinian fundamentalism," dismisses the meme as a "meaningless metaphor." H. Allen Orr, an evolutionary geneticist at the University of Rochester, isn't much nicer. "I think memetics is an utterly silly idea," he complains. "It's just cocktail-party science."

Natural selection, Orr points out, applies beautifully to random processes such as gene mutations but would fall apart if animals could deliberately upgrade their young. Ideas, on the other hand, are often

consciously modified before they're transmitted. Meme evolution, unlike gene evolution, isn't random. "When Newton invented calculus," says Orr, "he didn't do it by generating a million random ideas and choosing the best one." Darwinism, say the critics, has no relevance under these conditions.

This does not deter memeticists, who, for technical reasons of their own, regard such objections as profoundly misguided. Indeed, Blackmore, taking the theory to its logical conclusion, suggests memes ac-

count not only for the evolution of culture but also for consciousness itself. The mind, in Blackmore's scheme of things, is little more than a nest of memes.

She's not alone in this view. Tufts University professor Daniel Dennett, an enthusiastic and prolific memeticist, acknowledges that it's an unsettling philosophy. "People are terribly afraid that this is going to rob them of authorship and creativity, that it will be the swallowing up of the self." That fear, he speculates, may account for some of the vehemence of the opponents of memetics. "The view of the self that emerges from a proper evolutionary account," he says, "is different enough from the tradition that it can get people fairly upset." One advantage of memetics over tradition, Dennett points out, is that it can explain consciousness

without resorting to a little man in the back of the head calling all the shots.

But there is dissent even within the "ultra-Darwinist" ranks. M.I.T. linguist Steven Pinker finds the ideas of memetics intriguing and occasionally even useful but doesn't quite believe it's a science. Nor does he accept the nest-of-memes view of consciousness. "To be honest, I don't even know what that means," admits Pinker. The problem, he says, is that memetics assumes the brain is essentially passive, like a Petri dish awaiting infection. It doesn't account for the self that responds subjectively, that feels sensations such as love, envy and pain. "Babies are conscious," he points out. "That's why we don't operate on them without anesthesia. And their minds have not been infected by memes."

—By Umesh Khar



F A M I L Y

ROOTS MANIA

Spurred by new resources on the Internet, the ranks of amateur genealogists are growing, and millions of family trees are flourishing

By MARGOT HORNBLOWER

"Please, will somebody help me? I'm new at this, and I have no idea what I'm doing."

THOSE WORDS WERE NOT SOME perverse message smeared in lipstick across a rest-room mirror. They were posted on the volunteers' bulletin board of America Online's genealogy site, typed by G. Marie Leaner, a communications consultant in Chicago, looking for her family roots.

Leaner's plaintive cry was heard by a volunteer researcher, who told Leaner about the Social Security Death Index. That was the breakthrough Leaner needed, allowing her to move out onto the Internet and into libraries, gathering snippets of her heritage. Now, thanks to scores of websites and chat groups, she has traced her great-great-grandparents back to Mississippi, found the cemetery in Hines County where they are buried, obtained a copy of their 1874 marriage license—along with the World War I draft card of a great-grandfather—and in the process, discovered the thrill of cyber-rooting. "It's kind of spooky," she says. "Whenever I come upon something, my heart starts racing."

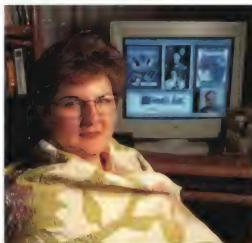
Once the hobby of self-satisfied blue bloods tracing their families back to the Mayflower, genealogy is fast becoming a national obsession—for new parents basking in the glow of family life, baby boomers wrestling with their first intimations of mortality, and various ethnic groups exploring their pride and place in a multicultural society. Powering the phenomenon are the new tools of the digital age: computer programs that turn the search for family trees into an addiction; websites that make it easy to find and share information; and chat rooms filled with folks seeking advice and swapping leads. "The Internet has helped democratize genealogy," says Stephen Kyner, editor of *The Computer Genealogist* magazine.

Root seeking ranks with sex, finance and sports as a leading subject on the Internet. More than 160 million messages flowed last month through RootsWeb (www.rootsweb.com), a vast electronic trading post for genealogical information. There are at least seven tree-making computer programs currently selling well, and according to

Nielsen/NetRatings, the three top genealogy websites in March had an audience of 1.3 million individual devotees.

This month, in what will be a major contribution to the field, the Mormon Church, officially known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, has begun testing a new website (www.familysearch.org) that eventually will be a repository of 600 million names, extracted from vital records worldwide. The Mor-

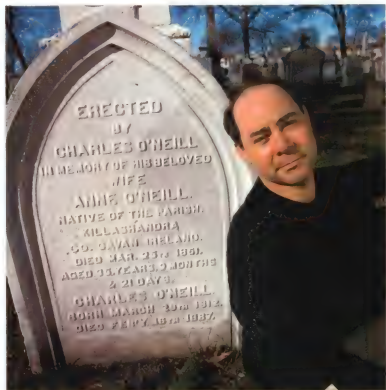
mons consider genealogy part of their mission and have the world's most extensive records. "I think it is a wonderful site," says Michael Leclerc, reference librarian at the New England Historic Genealogical Society in Boston. "It is giving the most widespread access ever to the



GENEALOGICAL SUPERSTAR

Wrapped in a quilt sewn by her great-great-great-great-grandmother, Cyndi Howells rests before adding another page to her website, www.cyndislist.com, background, visited by 2 million people each month. With her is Evan, her family tree's newest twig, holding his great-grandmother's picture. "Find leads on the Internet," she advises, "then go off-line to find the sources you need."





FOLLOWING EVERY LEAD

Joseph Silimonte collected memorabilia, right, for his Irish and Italian roots, and had a relative's headstone, with its misspelled name, cleaned

world's largest genealogical repository."

But genealogy, as any veteran will tell you, is no cushy computer-desk job. Its aficionados are besieging National Archives branches and county historical societies, rummaging through newspapers' microfilm, tramping through rural courthouses and overgrown cemeteries. Each year 800,000 people visit the Mormons' Family History Library in Salt Lake City.

Americans of all ethnic backgrounds were inspired by Alex Haley's 1977 miniseries *Roots*, eventually watched by hundreds of millions worldwide. Today a quarter of the 300,000 amateur genealogists who visit the Denver Public Library each year are Hispanic. Ukrainian Americans register inquiries at www.carpatha-rusyn.org, and Cajuns can

search for their ancestors on a CD-ROM of half a million names, compiled by Acadian genealogist Yvon Cyr. In San Francisco, educator Albert Cheng, who has traced 2,800 years of his family history, leads a

program for the Chinese Culture Foundation, which takes groups of Chinese-American youths back to their ancestral villages each summer after they have researched family and archival records in the U.S. "Now I feel proud of who I am," said 25-year-old Julia Fong, who met her great-grandmother, now 99, in Guangdong province. "She was feisty; she had no teeth and a wonderful smile."

No single group, however, is as involved as the Mormons. Believing that ancestors can be saved through retroactive baptism, they have sent missionaries around the globe, setting up 3,200 library branches in 64 countries and filming massive amounts of documents, touching on 2 billion people. With the promise that the church's vast trove of well-checked data will eventually be available online comes the potential for another burst in genealogical activity.

The Internet has already made the task easier. Cyndi Howells, 35, a Puyallup, Wash., housewife, got interested as a teenager when she read some old family letters and records for a high school genealogy project. "It was fascinating to see all these names and places and think this was all connected to me," she said. In 1992 she quit her job at a bank, bought a computer and began collecting website addresses. In 1996 she

posted her list on the Internet.

Today cyndislist.com has grown to 300 pages with links to 41,700 genealogical sites worldwide—from ships' passenger lists to prison rolls. Howells travels the country, giving speeches. "Everyone wants to know where they came from," she says. "I don't even have time to do my own research anymore."

Be forewarned: Much of what is on the Web now is akin to signposts—lists of documents but rarely the documents themselves. The National Archives provides a description of its material online—but only 120,000 of its 4 billion records have been digitized. Much of the Net's information is posted by volunteers who transcribe cemetery headstones or newspaper obituaries—with predictable human error. "People think because it's on the computer, it's the gospel truth. But it's only as good as the person doing it," says



Each generation back, the number of your ancestors doubles. When you hit 20 generations

Cliff Collier of the Ontario Genealogical Society. His view, shared by most serious researchers, is that only an exact copy of an original marriage certificate or immigration visa can be trusted. "The true aficionado," adds Boston genealogist Eileen O'Duill, "wants to feel the paper that his great-grandfather's birth was registered on."

Starting to get interested? If you are willing to forgo leisurely weekends for a search that is bound to be alternately tedious and exhilarating, here's how:

STARTING UP

Whether you read a how-to book, click on a website with beginner's tips, take a course on family-history research or join a genealogical club, you must first decide on a collection system. You can use note-cards, three-ring binders or software, but each new twig on the family tree must be documented, with notes on its source. That's why computers, which can organize massive amounts of data, are ideal. Remember that for each generation back, the number of parents doubles; by the time you hit 20 generations, it's up to more than a million. In two decades, genealogist Cyr has collected data on 88,000 relatives and in-laws—going back to 17th century France—and stored the information on his desktop, using Family Tree Maker software (see box, next page).

If you're computer phobic, rest assured: you can do without. Working with a vintage Smith-Corona, Ida Quintana Foraci, 70, explored her family, discovered a French-speaking Pawnee grandmother and traced her ancestors through families intertwined since New Mexico was part of Spain. She delved into archdiocesan records, statistical abstracts and old Spanish histories at the Denver Public Library. On a monthly pension of \$400, she sold most of her furniture so she could publish her findings: 22 volumes documented back to the arrival of conquistador Don Juan Onate in 1598. It is now a valuable resource for Hispanic genealogists. "I spent the past seven years looking," she says, "and I found me."

The first step is to write down everything you know about your family. Then interview relatives, oldest ones first. Videotape or tape-record them if possible. Ask for exact names, dates and places, and as many details of your ancestors' lives as they can remember.

Copy all documents: birth, christening, marriage and death certificates, school and medical records, family-Bible inscriptions, military papers, old letters. "Everyone has a little piece of the puzzle," says Estelle Guzik, director of the New York Jewish Genealogical Society, who set out to trace relatives killed in the Holocaust. In one family a cousin had saved a 20-year-old invitation list to a son's bar mitzvah. An elderly invitee from Israel still lived at the same address and referred Guzik to her son, a rabbi, who provided a family tree stretching from Australia to France.

One happy by-product of your search is that it's likely to open new avenues of communication. Says Carl Davidson, a Chicago computer consultant: "You didn't use to talk much with older folks at family reunions, except maybe 'Pass the pota-

to salad.' Now they take you home, get out these old Bibles and dig out ancient maps, and you get to know them in a whole new way."

ROOTS SURFING

Genealogists disagree on whether to begin by searching the many rich websites devoted to genealogy or by traveling directly to a source for documents, whether it's the local branch of the National Archives, a well-stocked genealogical library such as the Newberry in Chicago or the Clayton in Houston, or the closest Mormon Family History Center. In some cases, the Web is a clear time saver. George Warholic, a Rockville, Md., economic consultant, set out in 1983 to trace his Ukrainian relatives. "It was a chore," he remembers. "I spent weeks at the Li-

GENEALOGY SAVES LIVES

The Krause sisters, Carol, Susan and Peggy, meet at their parents' Washington church. (In the wedding photo are bride Peggy, who is cancer free, with her parents and sister Kathy, who all died of cancer, and with Carol and Susan, who have had cancer.) "Knowing my family's health history saved my life," says Carol



ons, you have over a million

Caveat Emptor

If you're one of the millions who have received an offer of a personalized family history that will help locate ancestral "namesakes," remember the old warning, "Buyer beware." Various companies have sold such books over the years, but the enduring master is Ohio-based Numa Corporation, parent company of Halbert's. Though their pitch carries a disclaimer—"No direct genealogical connection... implied or intended"—the actual product is a glorified, and often inaccurate, phone listing of everyone sharing your surname, culled from public sources like auto registries and phone books, padded with general information easily found in history textbooks, plus advice freely given by many genealogical societies. Coats of arms, emblazoned on everything from plaques to shot glasses, are another huge money-maker for Numa. Since heraldry was awarded to only a few families and typically passed on to male descendants, chances are slim you deserve a crest at all. That hasn't stopped Numa from filling customer requests; it's legal and, as a Numa spokeswoman argues, the company has millions of satisfied customers. Quips Victor Wlaszyn, head of the Akron Better Business Bureau, which has been fielding Numa complaints for decades: "They'd send me one with two kielbasas crossed with some sauerkraut sprinkled over the top."



brary of Congress, searching hundreds of telephone books for people with the same name. Now this information can be got in a few hours on the Internet."

Like the Internet as a whole, online genealogy information is a chaotic hodgepodge. The scope can be as broad as the U.S. Social Security Death Index, which draws on some 60 million records of those for whom a lump-sum death benefit was paid, mostly be-

tween 1963 and 1997; and as specific as the street maps of Eastern Europe on the Shtetlseeker page of the JewishGen website. Click onto Historical Records of Dukes County, Mass., to see who lived on Martha's Vineyard in 1790. Survey the resources of the Trinidad and Tobago National Library on its website. Contact the Newfoundland and Labrador Genealogical Society, which has a database of more than 500,000 names, including headstone

inscriptions from 300 cemeteries in the Canadian province, and for a small fee the group will do a search and mail back the results. A Salt Lake City entrepreneur offers wills from nine states for \$7 each.

Beyond research, the Web is a genealogists' agora, invaluable for trading information and connecting with living relatives. Dave Distler, who works at an electronics firm in Greenwood, Ind., lost track of a great-great-great-grandfather, Friedrich Jakob Distler, who was born in 1814 in Germany, Prussia, Rhineland or Northern Bavaria, according to vague records. Surfing the Net, he found an organization, Palatinates to America, which referred him to a German genealogist who found his grandfather's hometown, Hinterweidenthal. When he entered the village name in a search engine, he found a private e-mail address. Three weeks after e-mailing, he got a response from a local resident with the phone numbers of two Distler families in the town. In May 1996, three New World and 14 Old World Distlers met at a cozy German inn to celebrate. "Old Uncle Fritz had told me about the mysterious Distlers who journeyed to the other side of the Atlantic," says Brigitte Schubert, a newfound German cousin. "I was so glad to sit beside Dave, I didn't want to let go of his hand."

How to Program Your Family History

By DAVID JACKSON

AS ADVERTISED, **FAMILY TREE MAKER** from Broderbund (about \$82 for the deluxe 15-CD version; \$45 for the four-CD version; Windows or Mac) is the easiest and most complete software package available—ideal for beginners. With more than 2 million in sales, it's also the industry leader. The 15-CD package includes a Family Finder index on three CDs, with information on more than 200 million people; two more CDs listing Social Security death-benefits records; five volumes of actual family trees for tens of thousands of fami-

lies; and an international marriage-records index for more than 1 million couples—and more. The interface is intuitive and easy to learn, and the templates will simplify a daunting organizational task. In late March, Broderbund launched an impressive website (genealogy.com) that further broadens its offerings. **GENERATIONS FAMILY TREE GRANDE SUITE** (\$69.95; Windows) by Sierra Home includes 12 CDs of data on 200 million names and resources, plus three different programs: the Generations genealogy software; SnapShot Special Edition, photo-enhancement software that helps you add old family pho-

tos and documents to your records; and MasterCook, a cooking software program (experts say recipe collecting is uncannily similar to ancestor collecting), allows you to rearrange your ancestors in a variety of formats with just a click of the mouse.

THE MASTER GENEALOGIST from Wholly Genes software (about \$89 for the gold version; \$49 for the silver; Windows), one of the most expensive programs but also one of the most powerful, handles an unlimited number of people, relationships and sources. "There are easier programs," admits Wholly Genes president Bob Velke, 36, "but they're nowhere near as powerful. This has all the power and flexibility

that professionals need, but you don't need to be a pro to use it." (www.whollygenes.com or call 877-TMG-FAMILY).

ULTIMATE FAMILY TREE (about \$50 for the five-CD platinum version; \$30 for the two-CD deluxe; Windows) by Palladium is another top-selling program whose own genealogy is as complex as any family's. Palladium was bought out in December by the Learning Company, which two months earlier had acquired Broderbund, which itself had acquired two other genealogy-software publishers. A few days after the Palladium deal was announced, Mattel said it would buy the Learning Company.

Devoted fans of Ultimate Family Tree are worried that the product



DIGGING FOR DOCUMENTS

As you embark on your search, think of yourself as part historian, part detective. Federal records, vast and varied, can be researched at the National Archives and its 13 regional branches as well as at major libraries—and not necessarily online. Because of privacy laws, the U.S. Census is made public only after 72 years have passed since the time it was taken. Next to be opened is the 1930 census, which will become available in 2002. Early censuses, beginning in 1790, are sketchy, but by the mid-19th century they begin to provide rich detail, listing everyone in the family by name, age, occupation and place of birth. Starting with 1900, one can find out the year of immigration, whether English was spoken and whether a home was owned or rented. Robert Stokes, a retired Dallas high school principal, has traced his family from 17th century Maryland through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Mississippi to Texas. "It is such a thrill when you find a census about an old relative that shows he owned 26 pigs and a wagon," he says. "Then you have to go to the next census to see how he made out. If he had horses, and more pigs, he was doing well."

Federal records are rich troves for census, immigration and military rec-



A MODEL OF DETERMINATION

Using only an old Smith-Corona and working mostly in one library, Ida Quintana Forci created a history of the Spanish in the Southwest when she wrote her family's 22-volume saga, which surrounds her in her Denver apartment. "Never take the word of others," she stresses. "Get the document itself."

might not survive, but the company insists there's plenty of room in a growing field where different programs appeal to different audiences.

In UFT's case, the new owners are touting it as a user-friendly but powerful program that should appeal to more experienced genealogists than buyers of Family Tree Maker. Most of these products can still be used by either amateurs or professionals, depending on which user interface you like best and how much you want to spend.

MILLENNIA'S LEGACY FAMILY TREE

(\$49; Windows) is a favorite of many Mormons because it includes ready-made templates for Church of the Latter-day Saints documenta-



tion. (The software has plenty of non-Mormon admirers as well.) If you have an Apple computer, consider the no-frills, straightforward interface offered by Reunion from

Leister Productions (\$89).

Before making your choice, ask around at your local genealogical society, through mailing lists and even in website chat rooms for advice. The good news is that it's not hard to export data if you later decide to switch from one software package to another. But don't try to run these products on an old 486; you'll get the best performance on a Pentium-class machine. And save plenty of room on your hard drive. The better you get at tracing your ancestral past, the more you'll need the space.

Stocking Your Library

FINDING YOUR ROOTS: HOW TO TRACE YOUR ANCESTORS AT HOME AND ABROAD

by Jeane Eddy Westin (Tarcher/Putnam). Westin's updated book is the best friend a new family historian can have. Well organized and well researched, *Finding Your Roots* shows the reader how to make genealogy fun rather than drudgery—how to stay organized, the secret of keeping yourself from feeling as if you're up a family tree rather than building one.

■ **GENEALOGY ONLINE FOR DUMMIES** by Matthew L. Helm and April Leigh Helm (IDG). With its catchy prose, the book is an easy-to-read but thorough introduction to computer genealogy and a valuable tool for techies. There's noncomputer advice too.

HOW TO TRACE YOUR AFRICAN-AMERICAN ROOTS

by Barbara Thompson Howell (Citadel) meets the special needs of the black genealogist, and the author's enthusiasm is contagious.

THE ANCESTRY FAMILY HISTORIAN'S ADDRESS BOOK

by Juliana Saucz Smith (Ancestry). Whether you're looking for the phone number of the American Historical Association or the Jewett County, Kans., Historical Society, you'll find it here.

■ **ME AND MY FAMILY TREE** by Joan Sweeney (Crown). The book, for children five to eight, gives a child's-eye view of constructing a family tree: "First I start with me. Then comes my big brother, Alan. We're both part of my family tree." By catching them young, Sweeney promises to hook a new generation.

—By Andrea Sachs

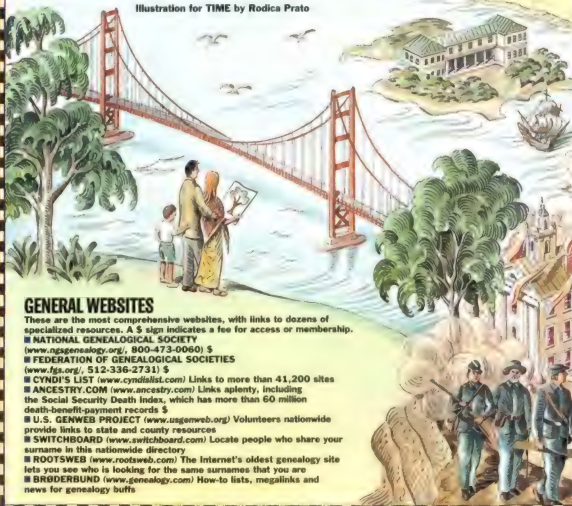


FAMILY

HOW TO MAP YOUR HERITAGE

Looking for your family often leads you around the world. Start with a home computer, but when you need to dig deeper, be prepared to branch out, hit the road and become a sleuth

Illustration for TIME by Rodica Prato



WHERE TO GO: W

■ **Sutro Library Research.** Contains thousands of far state, regional, county or histories; and city director records.org/sutro.html; 41

■ **Church of Jesus Christ Saints, Salt Lake City, UT** records of 2 billion people countries—the world's largest collection—could soon be (www.familysearch.org; 60)

GENERAL WEBSITES

These are the most comprehensive websites, with links to dozens of specialized resources. A \$ sign indicates a fee for access or membership.

■ **NATIONAL GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY**

(www.ngsgenealogy.org; 800-473-0060) \$

■ **FEDERATION OF GENEALOGICAL SOCIETIES**

(www.fgs.org; 512-336-2731) \$

■ **CYNDI'S LIST** (www.cyndistd.com) Links to more than 41,200 sites

■ **ANCESTRY.COM** (www.ancestry.com) Links aplenty, including the Social Security Death Index, which has more than 60 million death-benefit-payment records \$

■ **U.S. GENWEB PROJECT** (www.usgenweb.org) Volunteers nationwide provide links to state and county resources

■ **SWITCHBOARD** (www.switchboard.com) Locate people who share your surname in this nationwide directory

■ **ROOTSWEB** (www.rootsweb.com) The Internet's oldest genealogy site lets you see who is looking for the same surnames that you are

■ **BRØDERBUND** (www.genealogy.com) How-to lists, megalinks and news for genealogy buffs

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1-240-2331)



Chinese Heritage

To find immigrants who entered the U.S. under assumed names during the exclusionary period (1882-1943), when interrogation records show only adopted names, visit www.nara.gov/regional/findaids/chirp.html. There you can search cemeteries to find ancestors' true surnames. For limited access to original Chinese family histories from the Ming and Qing dynasties at Columbia University's C.V. Starr East Asian Library, search www.columbia.edu/libraries/indiv/eastasia



Hispanic Heritage

Bloodlines—blurred by intermarriages, name changes and the dominant use of matronyms—can be difficult to trace. The Denver Public Library houses 20,000 specialty volumes, plus periodicals, clippings and charts on early Spanish history. (303-640-6291)

IN THE MIDWEST

■ Allen County Public Library, Fort Wayne, Ind. Contains nearly half a million printed volumes, microfilm and microfiche, with good records on Europeans, Native and African Americans. (www.acpl.lib.in.us; 219-421-1225)



Jewish Heritage

These sites are attuned to specific patterns and customs, such as the Habsburg and Russian mandates that Jews adopt national surnames, the early Jewish tradition of passing on the mother's maiden name in a religious marriage rather than the father's in a civil one, and the tendency among early Jewish immigrants to Americanize their long, ethnic-sounding names. Begin your search at www.jewishgen.org, or www.yad-vashem.org



African Heritage

Slave marriages weren't recognized, so family records of descendants of Africans living in America prior to 1870 were often not recorded.

But good paper trails do exist for black freemen who came as ship's crew members, not slaves. A good start: www.ccharity.com; 212-491-2200, or www.nypl.org/research/sc.html

OVERCOMING OBSTACLES

Root seeking inevitably demands patience—and ingenuity. Joseph Silinonte, 42, from Brooklyn, N.Y., had scoured U.S. Census, Naturalization and Board of Election documents for the birthplace of his great-great-grandfather, saloon owner Charles O'Neil, to no avail. Even an 1887 obituary in the *Brooklyn Eagle* was no help. Then he remembered that the record of O'Neil's son's marriage in 1872 had contained a little mark indicating a dispensation of banns—forgoing the public announcement, on three successive Sundays, of intention to wed. Silinonte persuaded a diocesan official to take him to the Roman Catholic archives in Queens, where he found the 19th century ledgers stored in a corner. On the page was the elder O'Neil's place of birth: County Leitrim, Ireland. "You have to be stubborn," says Silinonte.

Root seekers haunt cemeteries. Dennis Rawlings had almost given up searching for a set of great-grandparents in a Port Hope, Ont., graveyard when, on a hunch, he took a pen from his pocket and poked it into the ground, hitting something hard. Tearing up the sod, he found an old stone reading MARY ANN RAWLINGS—DIED 1869. "We picked up 'Grandma' and cleaned her up for the next 100 years, until somebody else comes to visit," he recalls. "It felt like an episode from *The Twilight Zone*."

Genealogists' obstacle courses sometimes read like scripts for a whodunit. Wars and natural disasters wreak havoc: the U.S. 1890 Census was almost completely wiped out in a fire, and Southern courthouses were burned in the Civil War. The public records office in Dublin, Ireland, was destroyed in a fire in 1922. And in China's Cultural Revolution, the centuries-old ancestor records compiled by villages were declared "feudal garbage." In India, where most vital statistics are still unrecorded, rare documents are at Hindu holy spots where priests, known as *pundits*, write down births, deaths and marriages. But the documents, narrow sheaves of paper tied in cloth, are crumbling from rot, and the *pundits* themselves are dying out.

Names, one discovers, can be tricky—even without adoptions,



HONORING HER PAST

"I grew up feeling ashamed of a big part of my identity," says Julia Fong of Berkeley, Calif. After gathering details about her family's life in China, she visited the ancestral villages. "A large part of what I gained is feeling proud of who I am," she says. "It makes me glad that I am Chinese."

PAPER SONS

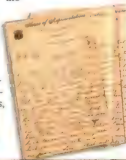
Byron Yee is a volunteer guide at Angel Island in San Francisco Bay, Chinese immigrants were detained there before being allowed into the U.S.—or sent back to their homeland. Dubbed the "Ellis Island of the West," it's now a national landmark. "Immigrants all have the same story," he says. "It just depends on what you had to do to get here."



ords. Prison logs can be helpful too: "Pray that there were sinners in your family," says Denver Public Library genealogy specialist James Jeffrey. They root around local historical societies and county courthouses for land deeds, wills and probate, and tax rolls. "There's nothing like the smell of musty records, the feel of heavy deed books, the irritated look on the clerk's face when you say you're a genealogist," writes Sharon DeBartolo Carmack in *The Genealogy Sourcebook*. But the rewards are worth it: Alice Wilkinson, a retired Houston schoolteacher, found an inventory of a relative's 18th century will listing 12 fur

buttons, an ax handle and a three-legged stool. "Back then, people had fewer possessions and more land," she says. Another souvenir from the hunt: four bricks from her great-grandparents' house in Tennessee. Local newspaper archives can tell you more than you want to know. Dennis Rawlings, a Fort Myers, Fla., real estate broker, unearthed an account of his great-grandparents' wedding in Cedar Bluffs, Neb. The guests were named, the bride's dress described and the presents listed, including five pickle casters. "Pickle casters must have been the late 1800s equivalent of can openers," Rawlings jokes.

If genealogy is entertaining, it can also be a matter of life and death



divorces and illegitimate children. "Drunk census takers and bad penmanship can drive you insane!" says Rawlings, the Florida real estate broker. Lorraine St-Louis-Harrison, a Canadian genealogist, had a hard time tracing her French-speaking grandfather until she realized that an English census taker had transcribed St Louis as "Salway." Likewise, immigrants disembarking at Ellis Island found their names arbitrarily Anglicized. And some families, wanting to assimilate, did so later on their own.

Contrary to myth, blacks don't always carry the names of their family's last slaveholder: slaves could change hands numerous times without changing their surname, points out Tony Burroughs, who teaches genealogy at Chicago State University. In the case of biracial children born to slaves, it is often impossible to tell if the father was the slave owner, the overseer or a relative of the slave owner given liberties with the slave (see story, next page). Jewish researchers run into complications too: traditionally Jews



RICH AND POOR

Robert Stokes, with his cousin Inez Pringle in Shreveport, La., holds a picture of her mother and the family genealogy book. With the help of the census, land records, family Bibles, documents in Britain, genealogical clubs, gravestones and local libraries, Stokes found among his ancestors a sheriff who was an enemy of King John, and an indentured servant who arrived in Maryland in 1670. He says, "Honestly, once you get into genealogy, it's addictive."

A Visit to the National Archives, The American People's Library

By EMILY MITCHELL WASHINGTON

EARLY ON A MISTY WINTER MORNING, Corinne Konecny, 39, takes the elevator to the microfilm-research room on the fourth floor of the National Archives and Records Administration in Washington. She is looking for her great-great-grandfather, whose name was Solomon Seif.

A cousin who just located Solomon Seif's burial place in Galion, Ohio, noticed on the gravestone that he had been a Civil War soldier. Konecny made note of that on a scrap of yellow legal-pad paper, and now she is spending a day at the Archives. She has been working on her German and French-Canadian family tree for 10 years, determined "to take all my family on both sides back to where they came from."

Sooner or later, almost every genealogical hunt leads past the tall columns of the National Archives on Pennsylvania Avenue. On one side of the building are the grand documents of democracy: the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. On the other side are the commonplace but invaluable records of the 272 million people who make up that democracy: census schedules from 1790 through 1920, military records from the Revolution to the start of World War I, passport applications going back to 1795, documents from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, ships' passenger lists. Since they were created by bureaucrats for bureaucrats, cautions NARA archivist Constance Potter, "a novice can have trouble."

A staff member leads Konecny to Drawer No. 44 of a large steel cabinet. Inside are microfilmed lists of Ohio Civil War regiments. Konecny sits at one of the 97 viewing stations and within a few minutes finds a faded entry showing that Solomon Seif served as a private in Company I of the 136th Infantry. From a second reel about Company I, she learns that as a 20-year-old farmer, he enlisted for 100 days in 1864, shortly before the war ended, and in 1885 he applied for a pension as an invalid.



The Archives, where a soldier came to life for his great-great-granddaughter

The Archives also stores individual pension records, she is told. Would she like to see if Seif had one? "Oh, yes," Konecny replies, her face lighting up. She fills out the appropriate forms and, after the requisite two-hour wait, enters the high-ceilinged central research room, where she is presented with a thick brown folder that had been stored with more than a million other original military pension records.

From letters to the War Department, she reads that his company had been sent from Ohio to Fort Ellsworth in Virginia, not far from where she now sits. Seif landed in the hospital with an illness called camp fever, he never returned to his regiment.

"When he came home, he looked like a dead boy," declared the affidavit of an Ohio friend. For years after the war, Seif wrote to Washington requesting a pension increase, complaining of neuralgia, lumbago, catarrh, headaches and heart trouble. By 1927, the year he died, Seif was receiving \$90 a month, an amount granted, according to notes from a nameless bureaucrat, because he was blind and totally helpless. "I didn't know that," says Konecny, shaking her head sadly. Turning over the last papers, she sees in the place marked for her great-great-grandfather's signature a large X made in black ink by a trembling hand. For a moment, she has a glimpse back into her family's past. ■

did not have surnames; they were called, for instance, Isaac, son of Jacob. Only beginning in the late 18th century were surnames imposed by edicts passed in Europe and Russia.

DEALING WITH SURPRISES

In a celebrity-obsessed culture, it is no wonder that some root seekers hope to uncover an aristocratic connection. Stokes, the former Dallas principal, thought his family might be related to Robert E. Lee, as several generations had a family member with the middle name Lee or Lea in honor of the general. It turned out that his great-great-grandfather had been an admirer, not a relative, of Lee's. In fact, as he went back,

Stokes found his first American ancestors were indentured servants. "We came to America basically as white slaves," he says, with a laugh. Lately, Harold Brooks-Baker—head of Burke's Peerage, the British company that does genealogical searches—sees a change. People are less obsessed with nobility and more with the dramatic. "If their ancestor was a horse thief, all the better," he says. Care to chat about family skeletons? The International Black Sheep Society of Genealogists has set up a website and an electronic mailing list for "those who have a dastardly, infamous individ-

ual of public knowledge and ill repute in their family."

In Australia, once a penal colony, Valerie Garton, 61, warns that "one must never start family history unless you're willing to accept everything you find." Garton's great-grandfather was transported to Tasmania for stealing sheep. Only a few decades ago, it was considered a taboo Down Under to admit to convict ancestry, and early census

For African Americans, Uncovering a Painful Past

By SANDRA LEE JAMISON

IT IS EASIER FOR AFRICAN-Americans to talk about their roots these days than it was even a decade ago. People then didn't openly debate the slave descendants of Thomas Jefferson, discuss black slave owners or see whites sitting alongside blacks searching for their shared African ancestors.

Since the first broadcast of the groundbreaking 1977 miniseries *Roots*, Hollywood, in such films as *Glory*, *Amistad* and *Beloved*, has helped depict a more complex picture of race relations in early America. Combined with new literature and scholarship on the African American experience such as John Hope Franklin's *Runaway*

Slaves, the companion to the four-part, six-hour PBS series *Africans in*

A slave dealer's ad in 1769 announces new arrivals from Africa

America: America's Journey Through Slavery, and Microsoft's CD-ROM encyclopedia, the *Encarta Africana*, there is respect and understanding for the lives of African ancestors.

But this new openness cannot repair all the damage done to the historical record of black people, nor overcome the pain of re-creating it. For even after slavery, segregation forced the creation of two Americas, and family-history seekers must be equipped to navigate in two sets of records—one black and one white. Racial identities were sometimes hidden as blacks "passed" from one race for societal survival. Military records, church archives, city directories, newspapers and a wealth of information from county, state and federal government agencies have to be researched with race in mind.

For many, the hardest part of piecing together individual lives of your family line is finding them listed in the same inventories that include cattle, plows and flat-



Slaves like these gathered during the Civil War may be the connection between an African past and an American present

ware—not just hard but gut wrenching.

For Southern plantation owners and gentleman farmers, enslaved Africans were simply investments. Ledgers and diaries from their estate archives documented who had to be fed, housed and rationed clothing, blankets and utensils. "Essie" received a pot, ladle and blankets for her child, and "Mose" was hired out to a neighboring farm.

Practically speaking, slave transactions provide solid genealogical connections. Slave names are recorded in wills, bills of sale and even dowries. Records from slave-ship cargo lists, captain's logbooks, ship route maps, white family histories and oral histories once available only in obscure books and dusty archives are available today on computer databases and widely disseminated via the Internet and on CD-ROMs.

And more is on the way.

The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill has received a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities to digitize deteriorating pages of diaries, autobiographies, primary texts and slave narratives for inclusion in the university's database.

There are two websites valued and respected as resources for up-to-date information and discussion for the African ancestor. One is a website founded by Mississippi State University, *Afrigenaeas* (www.msstate.edu/Archives/History/afrigenaeas/), the other is Christine's genealogy website (www.echarity.com).

Today's tools certainly make the search for black roots easier. The trick is to steel yourself for what you are likely to find.

Sandra Lee Jamison, a TIME research librarian, is the author of Finding Your People



records were destroyed by politicians and others who did not want their origins revealed. But lately it has become fashionable to be a first-fleet Australian. Likewise, in the new South Africa, nonwhite ancestry for an Afrikaner is not only politically correct but socially advantageous. Former President Frederik Willem de Klerk, once a defender of apartheid, now admits to a Bengali-slave forebear. In the U.S., blacks and whites are cooperating in joint genealogy searches. Says Colorado land appraiser James Rogers, a Caucasian who unearthed a slave ancestor: "It certainly brought home to me that we are all related."

For Asian Americans, immigration records have yielded a wealth of surprises. From 1882 until 1965, a series of laws severely restricted Chinese immigration. Only a few exempt groups—diplomats, merchants, students and teachers, for example—were allowed in. Byron Yee, a San Francisco actor, had always known his father had changed his surname to Yee from Seto when he emigrated from China, but it wasn't until years later, when he was researching his family for a one-man show, that Yee discovered why. His father had been a "paper son," entering the U.S. with false documents that identified him as the son of a citizen—a common ruse of many Chinese immigrants. Now that he has reviewed his father's interrogation records, he says, "I've recovered some of my lost relationship."

If genealogy is an entertaining hobby, it can also be a matter of life and death. Two years after Washington public affairs specialist Carol Krause graduated from college, her mother died of ovarian cancer. But she and her three sisters did not feel any personal threat—until comedian Gilda Radner's death, when they learned that ovarian cancer can be hereditary. Shortly after that, Carol's sister Susan also came down with ovarian cancer. Interviewing relatives and ferreting out death certificates, the sisters found more than a dozen family members who had died of different cancers. Carol and her other sisters, Peggy and Kathy, were tested for several cancers. Kathy had a microscopic tumor, which was ultimately fatal. Carol and Peggy had preventive hysterectomies. Carol also discovered and was successfully treated for colon and breast cancer. "There's a lot of denial out there," says Krause, who has written a book, *How Healthy Is Your Family*



WE'VE GOT MAIL

Yvon Cyr takes pride in his Acadian heritage, and his wife Judy treasures her family keepsakes, right. After tracing his own roots, Cyr is busy sharing information with the 500 people on his Acadian website's mailing list. Says he: "It's uniting people from all over the world who have a common interest"

Tree? "When I go and speak to groups and ask, 'How many of you know what all four of your grandparents died off?', they don't know."

In the days when your relatives mostly stayed put, they knew more about one another's lives and deaths. But in today's mobile society, as nuclear families splinter, loneliness and alienation are the order of the day. "We are witnessing the atomization of the family," says David Alshuler, director of Manhattan's Museum of Jewish Heritage. "The coming of the millennium focuses people's attention on the disappearance of an era." That nostalgia, the sense of lost roots, has fired a thirst for connection that genealogy seems to satisfy. Middle-aged and older people, who form the majority of root seekers, talk



about leaving a legacy for their children—a guide to their children's identity, a family deeper and broader than ever imagined. With genealogy, says Hank Jones, a San Diego character actor who writes and lectures on the subject, "you have a feeling of belonging again when, in daily life, sometimes you don't."

—Reported by Melissa August/Washington, Greg Aumapu/Miami, Curtis Black/Chicago, Moira Daly/Toronto, Megan Rutherford/New York and Richard Woodbury/Denver, with other bureaus

Last year 800,000 people visited the Mormons' Family History Library in Salt Lake



By **ROBERT HUGHES**

THE ANNUAL PRITZKER Prize—\$100,000 plus a gold medal—is by far the most prestigious award in architecture today. It is like the Nobels for literature or

for the promotion of peace, though not as hotly debated, there being no architectural equivalent to Dario Fo—still less to Rigoberta Menchu. It is given not for promise but to uphold the ideal of excellence. Twenty men (but no women) have received it since Philip Johnson got the first one in 1979; they range from Mexico's Luis Barragán to Italy's Renzo Piano, from Britain's James Stirling to America's Frank Gehry. This year's laureate, announced this week, is another Brit: England's Sir Norman Foster, 63. "Every award is special," says Foster, "but there's only one Pritzker. It's a recognition of the importance of architecture itself."

Foster, like his former partner Richard Rogers (who has a peerage, but no Pritzker as yet), is a pivotal figure in British architecture. But his buildings have risen all over the world, from Germany to China, and at present his practice employs some 500 people. His influence on the profession is enormous. His 1985 tower for the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank headquarters in Hong Kong, for instance, reversed the general dogma that a high-rise office block had to have a solid central core: it is not a "block" but a frame, a vertical web whose generous, open ground level has become a Sunday gathering spot for Hong Kong's Filipina maids. It has probably done more to change the way people think about what Foster calls "the culture of office buildings" and the relation of the corporate to the public domain in a city's matrix than any other 20th-century structure.

"Sir, do not talk to me of small projects," said the Great Cham of baroque architecture, Gian Lorenzo Bernini, to Louis XIV after the Sun King lured him to Paris. Foster is too much of a democrat to echo that sentiment, but it's a fact that his imagination runs naturally on the epic scale and that, more surprisingly, large size doesn't diminish the humanistic and spiritual qualities of his buildings.

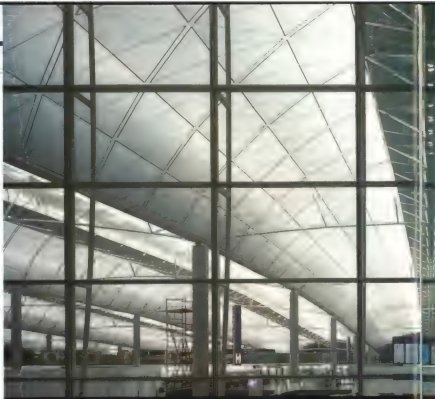
The most heartening and invigorating thing about Foster's design sense is

Nîmes, France ▶

■ **NAME:** Carré d'Art

■ **DATE BUILT:** 1993

It meets the challenge of facing a Roman temple but not being intimidated by it

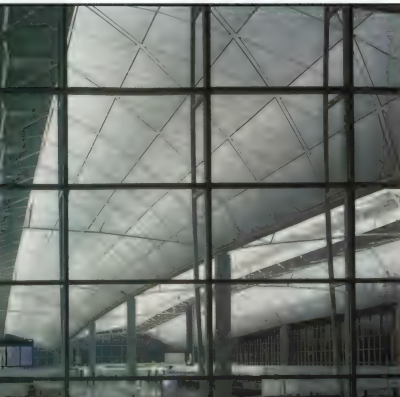


A R C H I T

LIFTING T

Britain's Sir Norman Foster wins the Pritzker for h





E C T U R E

THE SPIRIT

is innovative, humane designs around the world



◀ Hong Kong

■ NAME: Chek Lap Kok Airport

■ DATE BUILT: 1998

With its floating roof and floods of natural light, it is Foster's "horizontal cathedral" its clarity, the insistence that the poetics of a building must grow out of its legible and fully expressed structure. Foster has never been even faintly tempted by the clutter of secondhand allusion and quotation that infested so much Post-Modernist building in America and elsewhere—the kind of stuck-on, boutique historicism represented by Philip Johnson's 1984 Chippendale-top skyscraper for AT&T in New York City or Robert Stern's recyclings of the Shingle Style. It may be that PoMo quotation, of which a gutful has been served up over the past 25 years, served a useful purpose in reminding architecture's public that, yes, there was indeed a vast repertoire of form and ornament on which early, messianic Modernism had turned its back. But it was mostly skin deep, and it kept turning into a kind of false nostalgia—a parallel to the rash of "heritage" fetishism in the 1980s.

An accumulation of signs can carry architecture only so far, because architecture in its root and essence is very much more than sign language. Yesterday's ironies wrap today's garbage. Architecture has to go deeper, find real human needs and deal with those. Foster likes to list them in simple terms: the structure that holds a building up; the services that let it work; "the ecology of the building—whether it is naturally ventilated, whether you can open the windows, the quality of light"; the mass or lightness of its materials; its relationship to the site, the street and the landscape view; the symbolism of the form. All these, he argues, must be accounted for "whether you are creating a landmark or deferring to a historic setting."

Foster can handle both with equal aplomb. In 1993 he completed a cultural center for the French city of Nîmes, in Provence. It is right next to the city's most famous Roman monument, the so-called Maison Carrée—a Corinthian temple dedicated to Augustus' sons in the year A.D. 4. It was Thomas Jefferson's favorite classical building—in fact, Jefferson based his whole conception of Neo-

◀ London

■ NAME: Wembley Stadium

■ DATE BUILT: Proposal pending

The architect is a fine detailer, but his imagination runs on the epic scale

Classical architecture on it—and one obviously had to approach such a historical object with caution. Would the solution be a pastiche historical arts center? Foster was sure not. "I went there incognito before the commission was announced," he recalls. "I walked the site for hours. The challenge was to do a contemporary building that could face the Roman temple directly but not be intimidated by it." The result, a crystalline rectangular structure with sun screens, does exactly that. Its transparent grid defers to the pillar-and-architrave opacity of the ancient stone building without mimicking it.

The same kind of thinking occurs in Foster's unfinished project for the British Museum. When its library moved to massive new premises a mile away, it left behind one of the great English spaces: the 1857 Round Reading Room designed by Sydney Smirke, with its shallow dome, surrounded by a two-acre internal court. To demolish this masterpiece would have been unthinkable. It had to be preserved, and Foster's scheme for so doing entailed sweeping away the clutter of now obsolete bookstack buildings from around it and covering the court with a light glass-and-steel roof, thus creating Europe's largest enclosed space, which will function as the access core of the museum.

Foster's genius—the word is hardly too strong—is most apparent in his structural thought. He has often been called a high-tech architect, but actually, despite the complexity of some of his designs, the buildings don't brandish their technological language as gee-whiz metaphor; they use it as an essential tool of spatial effects and structural needs, always seeking the most elegant and succinct solution. "The idea of high-tech is a bit misleading," Foster says. "Since Stonehenge, architects have always been at the cutting edge of technology. And you can't separate technology from the humanistic and spiritual content of a building."

Ever since his student years at Manchester University in the 1950s (a working-class boy, he paid his way through school with a variety of jobs, including a stint as a nightclub bouncer), Foster loved utilitarian buildings: barns, factories, windmills. He did measured drawings of them when other students were drawing buildings they had never seen: Greek temples, Palladian villas. Foster would learn from those too, but his immersion in common language and use translates into a feeling of rightness, which works as completely in small structures as in large. A fine example of the former is the entrances to the subway system he designed for Bilbao in northern Spain: hoods of

Hong Kong ▶

■ NAME: Hongkong & Shanghai Bank

■ DATE BUILT: 1985

As influential on "the culture of office buildings" as any 20th century structure

glass, like segments of a nautilus shell ribbed with stainless steel that curve downward and carry the eye to the spaces underneath—by far the most elegant subway entrances since Hector Guimard's Art Nouveau designs for the Paris Métro a century ago.

He learned from other structures too. As a kid he built model aircraft, and as an adult he flies real ones, both fixed-wing and helicopters. He did his national service in the Royal Air Force and regards the time he spent working in a hangar as a big influence on his later designs. Way back in the genetic code of his buildings is a feeling for hangar-like lightness, strength and frugality of consumption that came out brilliantly in such projects as his 1981 design for the airport at Stansted in England. Earlier airports had massive concentrations of ductwork above their ceilings for air conditioning, lighting and electrical services; Foster rethought this completely and realized huge savings in structural mass and energy consumption could be made by shifting the utilities underground, leaving a floating roof and walls that could open to natural daylight. This changed architects' thinking about airport design worldwide, and every major airport built since—Hamburg, Stuttgart, Kuala Lumpur—has followed Foster's design insight.

He would reapply the lesson himself 11 years later in his \$20 billion design for the world's largest airport, at Chek Lap Kok in Hong Kong—the last megastructure spawned by the floundering "tiger economies" of Asia. Foster envisaged it as a "horizontal cathedral," with its airy, Y-shaped passenger terminal under the great wing of its roof. It had teething troubles at first—there were cargo and passenger delays when it opened last July—but now, according to Wan Wai Lun, corporate affairs officer of the Hong Kong Airport Authority, "it's incredibly efficient and caters to the passengers' needs."

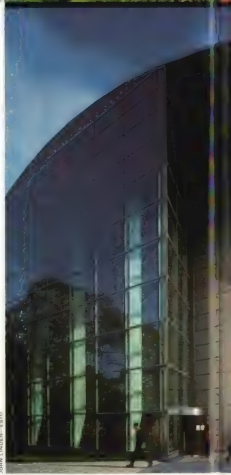
The ideal of humane efficiency, understood as social responsibility, undergirds all of Foster's work. No living architect has thought more closely about the ecological effects of his buildings. In his

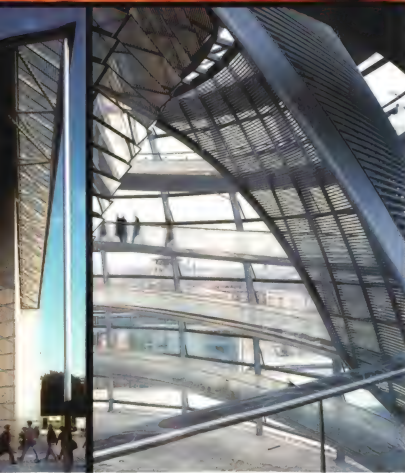
Cambridge, England ▶

■ NAME: Faculty of Law Building

■ DATE BUILT: 1995

Technology, Foster insists, can't be separated from the spiritual content





◀ Bilbao, Spain

■ NAME: Bilbao Metro

■ DATE BUILT: 1995

The glass hoods are the most elegant subway entrances since the Paris Metro

brilliant 1991 design for Frankfurt's Commerzbank, the tallest office building in Europe, he brought off the seemingly impossible feat of building a supertower that could use natural ventilation (as against fuel-gobbling air conditioning) during 60% of the year. "Anything that reduces energy consumption and cuts down on greenhouse gases is good news," he says. In his redesign of the Reichstag, the seat of German government in Berlin, Foster has carried this out to an extraordinary degree. He noted that the old Reichstag, heated and cooled by fossil fuels, produced 7,000 tons of carbon dioxide a year. Foster came up with a system of "driving the building" with renewable vegetable oils, such as rapeseed, for fuel. Its CO₂ emissions have dropped 94%, to 440 tons a year. The waste heat is converted into cooling capacity, and the small heat surplus is dumped into aquifers 1,000 ft. below ground level, where it is stored and recovered in winter.

You can, of course, do a building that's eco-responsible but aesthetically worthless. The crux of Foster's achievement is to have designed megastructures that are at the forefront of eco-design as well as beautiful in their own right. He is a fine detailer—everything from the junctures of a beam to the cladding to the door handles comes out of the same relentless aesthetic concentration. But on the wider scale, Foster is also one of the great living manipulators of light and transparency. No other government building in the world, for instance, can boast anything as outright exhilarating as the great inverted cone sheathed in 360 mirrors that floods the Reichstag with daylight.

Light is part of the very subject matter of Foster's buildings, along with steel, glass and stone. When Foster speaks of "the spiritual dimension" of architecture, and its power to "lift the spirit," he's talking about the action of light in space. Anyone who supposes that technology, or the exacting use of modern materials, implies a break with the past should look at Foster's work—and learn. —With reporting by Maria Cheng/Hong Kong

◀ Berlin

■ NAME: Reichstag

■ DATE BUILT: This year

The building's glass dome displays a mastery of light and transparency

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Popular Metaphysics

In *The Matrix*, the Wachowskis make a hit film out of the Bible, cyberpunk and higher math

By RICHARD CORLISS

BUNCH OF GUYS AT A MANHATTAN 'plex watching *The Matrix*. Carrie-Anne Moss kicks some 'droid butt, makes a streetwide leap from one building top to the next, then crash lands through a small window. "The bitch is bad," one of the guys opines. "Go, girl!" Then Laurence Fishburne shows up as Morpheus—a morphing Orpheus, a black White Rabbit, an R-and-B. Obi-Wan Kenobi, a big bad John the Baptist, a Gandalf who grooves; every wise guide from literature, religion, movies and comix. Though he's in a dark room in the dead of night, and as if he needed to be more cool, Fishburne is wearing these teeny black shades. Another guy at the 'plex says approvingly, "Those glasses are fabulous!"

To deliver a futurismo fashion statement and a can of whup-ass in the same movie—this is smart filmmaking. Larry and Andy Wachowski, the Chicago-bred brothers who wrote and directed *The Matrix*, are smart in a way moviegoers love and Hollywood moguls cherish: the picture, shot in Australia for \$63 million, had the year's strongest opening weekend and pulled in a robust \$50.7 million in its first nine days. The film's producer, Joel Silver, says the boys have a sequel in mind, and cannily adds, "The more success the movie has, the more willing they'll be to write it down." Suddenly Larry, 33, and Andy, 31, are giving Peter and Bobby Farrelly (*There's Something About Mary*) competition as the hottest brother act in town.

But the Wachowskis, whose first directorial effort was the seductive femme-noir drama *Bound*, have deeper fish to fry. "We're interested in mythology, theology and, to a certain extent, higher-level mathematics," says Larry. "All are ways human beings try to answer bigger questions, as well as The Big Question. If you're going to do epic stories, you should concern yourself with those issues. People might not understand all the allusions in the movie, but they understand the important ideas. We wanted to make people think, engage their minds a bit."

And blow their minds a lot. The film posits that life as we know it is a computer simulation: it is, Morpheus says, "the

world that has been pulled over your eyes" by some creepeezoid machines that look like spidery octopi. Who can free a mankind that doesn't know it's enslaved? Morpheus believes the cybermessiah is Neo (Keanu Reeves), a computer hacker. Early in the film Morpheus offers two pills to Neo. Take the blue one, you wake up and remember nothing. Take the red pill,

tion, *The Matrix* plunders *Blade Runner* and *The Terminator*: bad machines, grungy rebels and rain, rain everywhere, even indoors. It invokes the lung fury of prime Jackie Chan and the heroic bloodshed and long coats of John Woo movies; the Hollywood-Hong Kongglomeration has never meshed so suavely as in this film's fight scenes and wire-work aerobatics. Never seen the mega-imaginative, ultraviolet Japanese cartoons known as anime (*Akira*, *Ghost in the Shell*)? Now you have—in whirling live action.

Those are just the movie references. The Wachowskis, both dropouts from good colleges (Larry from Bard, Andy from Emerson), want to weld classic lit, hallucinogenic imagery and a wild world



"you stay in Wonderland. And I show you how deep the rabbit hole goes."

Naive viewers may think *The Matrix* is just a cool way to pass the time while sitting in the *Phantom Menace* waiting room. They should think again, breathe deep, get strapped in for a brain-popping trip. *The Matrix* is a careering cyberdride without the headsets, a virtual masterpiece. Every other movie out there is the blue pill. This one is the red.

An anthology of dystopic science fic-

tion of philosophical surmises to pop culture. The Bible meets Batman; Lewis Carroll collides with William Gibson; Greek and geek mythology bump and run. Hell, you may find string theory in *The Matrix*.

As the children of a businessman and a nurse, the boys created comic books, and the obsession continued into their 20s. "Jack Kirby comics interested us," says Andy. "We liked the idea of punching guys through brick walls and over-the-top action like that." But they con-

needed as well with older, more revered sources. "The Bible seeks to answer a lot of relevant questions for man," says Larry. "In the film we refer to the story of Nebuchadnezzar; he has a dream he can't remember but keeps searching for an answer. Then there's the whole idea of a messiah. It's not just a Judeo-Christian myth; it also plays into the search for the reincarnation of the Buddha."

The search—the quest—informs Greek myths ("We have Orpheus and Morpheus in the film," says Larry) as well as Alice's *Adventures in Wonderland*: "It's a story about consciousness," says Larry, "a child's perception of an adult's world. *The Matrix* is about the birth and evolution of consciousness. It starts off crazy, then things start to make sense." It can also be read as a variant on Gibson's *Neuromancer*, the 1986 cyberpunk classic about a computer cowboy on the run. "It'd be near impossible to make a movie out of that," says Larry. "We knew the way to make it relevant was to turn what we view as the real world into a virtual reality."

And now, for extra credit: theoretical mathematics. The lads became fascinated, Larry says, "by the idea that math and theology are almost the same. They begin with a supposition you can derive a whole host of laws or rules from. And when you take all of them to the infinity point, you wind up at the same place: these unanswerable mysteries really become about personal perception. Neo's jour-

ney is affected by all these rules, all these people trying to tell him what the truth is. He doesn't accept anything until he gets to his own end point, his own rebirth."

Great, guys, but is Joe Popcorn supposed to carry a *Matrix* concordance in his head? "We wrote the story for ourselves and hoped others would pick up on it," says Larry. "Every studio we showed it to thought no one would understand it. We told them it would be complex and dense, but we were also going to shoot the best action scenes and coolest computer graphics ever. Even if audiences didn't get all of the references, we knew they'd at least have a good time with the visuals."

Kind of like *Star Wars*, eh, where the kids came for the laser show and stayed for the course in Joseph Campbell? Well, maybe not. "The Force is good, fun stuff," says Larry. "I grew up on those movies. But we were hoping to do something a little more sophisticated with *The Matrix*."

Comparisons aside, the brothers have shown they can make a science-fiction epic that both probes and throbs. George Lucas' *May* tricks are a month away, but Andy and Larry have proved that night now they're the big Wachowskis. —Reported by Jeffrey Ressler/Los Angeles



BOURGEOIS BLISS: Watson and Bale make a good case for grownup pleasures

Family Values

Who needs sex, drugs or rock 'n' roll when you can have Emily Watson?

HE HAS IT ALL: "CREATIVE" JOB, SENSIBLE wife, pretty child, starter home in *Metroland*, the generic name for London's middle-class suburbia. Chris (Christian Bale) also has something he doesn't need: his best friend from the swinging '60s, a wandering poet named Toni (Lee Ross), who lurches back into his life in the late '70s to taunt and tempt him. The taunts are about the road not taken—abandoned career in photography, abandoned girlfriend (sweet, sexy Elsa Zylberstein) from his years in Paris. The temptation is to return to youthful irresponsibility.

Uh-oh—another wistful study of quiet desperation among the symbol manipulators, another examination of how the anarchic spirit of the '60s got sold out. But this adaptation of Julian Barnes' first novel, by director Philip Saville and screenwriter Adrian Hodges, has some good things going for it. They understand that it isn't politics, Pop Art or drugs that would come permanently to haunt the memories of that brief, lost time for people like Chris. It's the sex, stupid. And the freedom that era offered to pursue it across all sorts of formerly formidable barriers.

There's honesty and energy in the film's flashback pursuit of that thought. But Chris' lasting luck is his wife Marion. Emily Watson plays her as a kind of dream nanny—knowing, ironic, tolerant of his erotic nostalgia and not as prim as she looks. She, and *Metroland*, finally make a good, subtle case for the bearable weightiness of middle-class being, for the higher morality of muddling through.

—By Richard Schickel

THE MATRIX CONCORDANCE

Finnegans Wake has its skeleton key, *Gatsby* its Cliff Notes. A film as densely allusive as *The Matrix* needs a box score, with Wachowski footnotes:

The Bible	As in the Scriptures, only the true messiah can save humanity. But this one must first conquer his own doubts.
Greek Mythology	"We have Orpheus and Morpheus in here," Larry says. The <i>Odyssey</i> , with its prophetic oracle, was a touchstone text.
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland	In this version Alice is a guy, the Eat Me cakes are pills, the White Rabbit is black, and the rabbit hole is a toilet.
Japanese Anime and Hong Kong-Fu	In Asian cartoons and live action, flying is the only way to travel. Here characters walk up walls and leap-frog buildings.
Cyberpunk Novels	As in <i>Neuromancer</i> , our hero enters a virtual world where he pits his cunning against dark lords of artificial intelligence.
Theoretical Mathematics	The boys read <i>The Tao of Physics</i> and Gödel, Escher, Bach. Where do physics and metaphysics meet? At <i>The Matrix</i> .
Jungian Psychology	Archetypes in hyperspace. Larry: "Mythology lets you talk to old cultures and future ones." The movie is Jung at heart.



C I N E M A

On the Road In Marrakech

Titanic's Kate Winslet returns to the screen as a 1970s hippie mom

IT'S A CATCHY TITLE—*HIDEOUS KINKY*—but it doesn't mean anything. It's just a nonsense phrase that sets two little girls named Lucy and Bea (Carrie Mullan and Bella Riza) to giggling. Certainly it doesn't catch the patient, tender tones of this gently exotic movie or the spirit of the girls' mum, Julia (Kate Winslet). "Sweetly addled" comes closer to the mark. Or maybe "daftly dreamy."

Back in the '70s, when Morocco was to the counterculture what France was to the Lost Generation of the 1920s—a place to find your bliss on an agreeable currency-exchange rate—Julia has dragged her kids from chilly London to sunny Marrakech, where she vaguely hopes to achieve spiritual transcendence by link-



BLISSFUL: The actress ably plays a sweetly addled woman

ing up with the mystical Sufi sect. Unfortunately, the support checks from the girls' faraway father arrive only erratically. Julia takes up with a sometime acrobat named Bilal (Saïd Taghmaoui), whose charm is matched by his fecklessness. They are all blown this way and that by minor mishaps, passing acts of grace, and the suspense of the movie derives from our wondering whether Julia will come to her senses before irremediable disaster overtakes these innocent adventurers.

The film's strength, however, comes from another place: the unblinking objectivity with which it views their trials. The children are not sentimentalized

(though we worry about the emptiness of their days as they drag along in the grownups' wake). Bilal is not idealized (his generosity is balanced—or maybe one should say unbalanced—by his impetuosity), and neither is Julia. Caring and good-natured though she is, we can't help being disturbed by the fact that all her motherly alarm bells seem to be disabled.

Looking chunky and suburban, yet glowing with hope, Winslet is the opposite of her *Titanic* character. There she grasped heedlessly at her destiny; here her reach is more tentative, her manner more reactive than active. There's bravery in that acting choice, and in the refusal of director Gillies MacKinnon, working from a script adapted by his brother Billy of a novel by Esther Freud, either to romanticize or trash the hippie past. They permit us to see it for what it was—another silly, doomed, very human attempt to evade responsibility's inescapable embrace. —*By Richard Schickel*

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ERICSSON

Beyond Bridget Jones

Three new novels dig deeper into single life

By **GINIA BELLAFAANTE**

ASIDE FROM THE SUBURBAN TEENAGER as represented by James Van Der Beek, is there a subject of greater cultural fascination at the moment than the young, single career woman yearning to a Joni Mitchell ballad in her mind? She has certainly claimed her place on television, and soon Barnes and Noble will need to create extra room for her, perhaps with a books-about-thirtyish-media-women-who-fret-and-drink-Scotch-in-New-York-or-California section. In the year since Helen Fielding's best-selling *Bridget Jones's Diary*, a novel focused on a cocktails-and-cellulite-obsessed London editor, writers have continued to weigh in on how single women do, and should, comport themselves.

Earlier this year came Melissa Roth's *On the Loose*, a sort of slapdash anthropology of real-life dating women on both coasts. The book was meant to show that not every woman is marriage hungry, that singleness can amount to a grand old time in its own right. Recent months have also brought three books by conservative so-

cial critics, notably Wendy Shalit, arguing that no, professional pursuit and sexual gallivanting aren't good for women at all. In fact, such endeavors leave women flummoxed, dissatisfied and dead—if not in a literal *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* sense, then at least in a metaphoric one.

In the coming weeks three new novels examining the experience of single womanhood are due, and none will provide much defense against allegations that life as a contemporary 29-to-36-year-old female can lead to occasional confusion or heartache. All these debuts—Kate Christensen's *In the Drink* (Doubleday; 278 pages; \$22.95), Suzanne Finnamore's *Otherwise Engaged* (Knopf; 209 pages; \$22) and Melissa Bank's keen *The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing* (Viking; 274 pages; \$23.95)—feature heroines who might enjoy Bridget's company but eventually tire of her ninny-ness.

Like Bridget, Christensen's Claudia Steiner is a mess, the kind who bumps along falling into bed with losers and who drinks water "only in the form of melted ice in my drinks." A ghostwriter

for a Jackie Collins-ish author, Claudia is trying to exit her protracted adolescence and win the love of her best friend, a lawyer, William, who might want to keep things platonic. Not much happens in this novel (and some of what does happens a bit too randomly), but Claudia is endearing because she remains appreciative of her own grittiness. She avoids coming off as Bridget can: like an unfunny stand-up comic bemoaning the fact that she doesn't look like Elizabeth Hurley.

True feminist points, though, might go to *Otherwise Engaged*, which, while no paragon of craftsmanship, takes on the subject of female commitment fear, not a topic feverishly discussed in *McCall's*. The novel deconstructs a year in the life of Eve, a successful ad executive, as she prepares to marry at 36. She has dated her beau for four years. All along she has thought happiness would come in a ring box, but once Eve gets her gem, all she can do is panic over the foreverness of it all—aren't all married people miserable? It is comforting to read a book that looks at the real doubts women have when marriage comes after the breeziness of youth has subsided.

The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing, the truly poignant novel in the lot, never brings its witty protagonist, Jane, to the altar, but it traces her love life episodically from the time she is 14 through her 20s and 30s as she orbits Manhattan's publishing world. There is an exquisite honesty to Jane's relationships; she suffers plenty, but her stories serve as a testament to the value of not living one's life with emotional thriftiness. The final scene in the book has Jane purposely withholding interest in a man she likes because the authors of *The Rules* are communicating with her telepathically and admonishing her to remain aloof. The approach, of course, quickly backfires.

Defenders of *Bridget Jones* brook no complaints about its portrayal of the single condition because the book is, after all, a comedy. But there was something unsettling—something that drained the satire—in Bridget's pursuit of a boyfriend. It was as though she wanted one not because falling in love is a signature experience of humanity but because she saw a man as a necessary accoutrement of urbane life, like a Prada bag. Her Stateside compatriots aren't nearly as absurd—or maybe they just have better shrinks.

Otherwise Engaged

CHARACTER: Eve

AGE: 36

DILEMMA: A serious case of marriage-bell blues—she wants her boyfriend to propose; he does; she starts to get queasy

In the Drink

CHARACTER: Claudia

AGE: 29

DILEMMA: The gin, the Scotch or the Cabernet; a mean boss; and eyes for just one seemingly unattainable guy

The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing

CHARACTER: Jane

AGE: 14–30+

DILEMMA: Selfish men, older men, scared men, an ailing father and, maybe, the right man





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Taking His Full Measure

J.P. Morgan was not quite the robber baron of myth, but his economic legacy is still troubling



JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN is usually "depicted ... as a ruthless predator who robbed America's farmers and workers to line his own pockets," writes Jean Strouse. But halfway through her first draft of *Morgan: American Financier* (Random

House; 796 pages; \$34.95), she realized that the picture she was getting from plowing through a mass of Morgan documents, many of which no previous biographer had seen, was far more complex. Starting over, she has produced a more balanced and crisply written—though at times unnecessarily detailed—portrait than her subject could ever have drawn. History, Strouse observes, is written by "the articulate," and Morgan was anything but. The best explanation he could come up with for some of his deals was, "I thought it was the thing to do."

He had other weaknesses. An often sickly child, the financier suffered all his life from colds, headaches and depression—known to him as "the blues"—not to mention rhinophyma, the skin disease that in his 50s turned his nose into a purple bulb. He hated to be alone but had no talent for making friends—as distinguished from mistresses. He started a new romance at age 74 with a titled Englishwoman of 49. Women saw past not only the hideous nose but also the peremptory manner that they thought disguised an inner shyness.

With some reason: Morgan was ruthless in getting rid of inept partners, but could hardly ever bear to fire them in person.

In dealing with money rather than people, however, Morgan was self-confidence personified. Strouse argues convincingly that he saw his own interests as synonymous with those of the nation, and at times he was right. He raised enough capital to put the U.S. economy well on the road to financial independence from Britain, and even bailed out the U.S. government in 1895, collecting and lending the gold Washington needed

to keep paying its bills. He stopped the panic of 1907 by raising the funds to keep tottering banks afloat, in effect acting as a one-man Federal Reserve System six years before the real Fed was created. He made plenty of money for himself in the process, of course, but not quite as much as popular myth would suggest. The estate he left in 1913, including his gargantuan art collection, was valued at \$80 million, around a tenth of Andrew Carnegie's wealth.

Morgan's philosophical legacy is more troublesome. He regarded competition as wasteful and chaotic, which in his day it often was. To bring stability and order to the economy—and to fulfill what



TITAN: His hideously bulbous nose and detached, peremptory manner disguised an odd shyness

he regarded as his moral responsibility to safeguard clients' investments—he organized monster trusts. Notably, he midwifed the 1901 merger that created U.S. Steel, the world's first billion-dollar corporation. Such behemoths have spurred economic growth and technological advance. But can they get so big and powerful that the government is justified in breaking them up? If so, when? And how can that be done without losing the economic benefits of size? Are these still hot questions in 1999? Well, did somebody say ... Microsoft? —By George J. Church



DREAM BUSTER: Spacey sells reality

Stiff Drink

The Iceman Cometh gets a powerful revival

GREAT PLAYS ARE NOT ALWAYS EASY to sit through. Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* runs nearly 4½ hours, has a garrulous first act that could try the patience of saints, and hammers home its point about "pipe dreams"—the illusions that prevent people from facing the bleak realities of their lives—so many times that you might want to take a lead pipe to the author. Yet at least once a generation, theatergoers deserve a chance to immerse themselves in this oceanic masterpiece. This time it's an inspired dip.

We're back in Harry Hope's bar, an end-of-the-line booze joint, where a dozen or so wasted regulars are waiting for the annual appearance of Hickey, a gregarious salesman who never fails to perk them up. But Hickey arrives with a teetotaler's resolve and a revivalist's mission—to get them to cast off their phony dreams. In this career-making role (it helped make Jason Robards Jr. a star), Kevin Spacey gives the performance of his life. Prowling the stage in a half-crouch, his voice oozing with snake-oil self-confidence, using silences as cagily as the torrent of words, he is funny, charismatic and ultimately shattering.

The new Broadway production, directed by Howard Davies, has actually improved a notch since its acclaimed run last year in London, where the cacophony of Brit-style American accents was a bit distracting. Tim Pigott-Smith, as the disillusioned anarchist Larry, is an indispensable holdover, while Tony Danza as the bartender, Michael Emerson as a soused former law student and Robert Sean Leonard as a tormented turncoat are vivid additions. All in all, a potentially grueling evening becomes a breathtaking theater experience. —By Richard Zoglin

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BOOKS

FOR THE RELIEF OF UNBEARABLE

URGES By Nathan Englander This is a knowing collection of nine unorthodox stories about Orthodox Jews that should make their author persona non grata in the devout enclaves of his co-religionists. That reaction would be understandable. Englander, once Orthodox himself, tells tales out of shul that include the title story, in which a rabbi grants an unhappy husband permission to visit a prostitute. Yet Englander's apostasy is always affectionate and imaginative. *The Gilgul of Park Avenue*, for example, offers up a Wall Street Wasp who inexplicably discovers that he has a Jewish soul. The domestic and professional ramifications read like a collaboration between Cynthia Ozick and Mel Brooks.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

TRUMPET By Jackie Kaye Black, white; man, woman; father, child: questions of identity blur in this hypnotic story of



Scottish jazz trumpeter Joss Moody, who, like the real Billy Tipton, is shockingly discovered after his death to have been a woman. Told from the point of view of his grief-stricken widow Millie, his adopted son Colman and Sophie Stones, a tabloid hack hot on Moody's trail, *Trumpet* is about the walls between what is known and what is secret. "Every person goes about their life with a bit of perversion that is unadmittable, secretive, loathed," Kaye writes. Marred by a central inconsistency—could Joss Moody have been both such a wonderful husband and such a terrible father?—this debut novel's music comes from the language: spare, haunting, dreamlike.

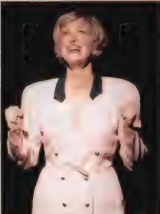
—By Elizabeth Gleick

TELEVISION



HAVING OUR SAY CBS, April 18 The world first learned of the remarkable DeLany sisters in a 1991 New York Times article. Self-described "colored maiden ladies," Sadie, then 103, and Bessie, 101, had

ISN'T THAT...?



QUEEN OF HEARTS: A year and a half after her death, Princess Diana is now the heroine of a musical.

The unheralded off-Broadway show (by Stephen Stahl and Claudia Perry) is too scrappy and simplistic to be very satisfying, even to connoisseurs of kitsch. But Paula Leggett Chase as DI has the hairstyle and the gangly grace and makes a decent case for DI's emotional strength. In a more polished show she might win a few hearts herself.

overcome daunting obstacles to become successful professionals and lead lives of inspiring grace. Their story was turned into a best-selling book and a Broadway hit show. Now Emily Mann has spun her little two-character play into a glorious panoramic TV movie, joyous and touching. Diahann Carroll plays sweet, pragmatic Sadie with lovely simplicity. In the showier role of the flinty Bessie, Ruby Dee gives as rich and true a performance as you could hope to see, snatching you by the heart and never letting go.

—By William Tynan

DANCE

THE ARGUMENT Mark Morris Dance Group Long famous for his lack of interest in male-female duets, Mark Morris has had a change of heart: *The*



Argument, a witty, oddly melancholy study in relationships, puts three couples on stage, accompanied by Schumann's *Five Pieces in*

Folk Style, and shows them not getting along. Sometimes they grumble, sometimes they quarrel—and every once in a while they waltz, gently and sadly. Performed in New York City by a high-class cast, including Morris, cellist Yo-Yo Ma and Mikhail Baryshnikov, *The Argument* shows that the erstwhile bad boy of modern dance just keeps getting better.

—By Terry Teachout

CINEMA

LIFE Directed by Ted Demme Why sit through just one mediocre movie when *Life* offers an anthology of them? First it's



Harlem Nights: Eddie Murphy and Martin Lawrence meet in a Manhattan speakeasy in 1932. Then it's a period prison picture, as the stars get framed on a murder rap. Climax in the '70s with an all-male *Driving Miss Daisy*, and keep on meandering into the '90s as the codgers plan one last adventure. Since the characters are in stir most of the time, the film doesn't move; it just ages. Murphy's real co-star here, as in *Coming to America* and *The Nutty Professor*, is makeup maven Rick Baker. The facial prostheses are funny and poignant. Unlike this life-long film.

—By Richard Corliss

THE DREAMLIFE OF ANGELS Directed by

Erick Zonta The vagabonding Isa (Elodie Bouchez) meets Marie (Natacha Régner) on an assembly line in Lille. It's hard work. But friendship is a tougher job, as this haunting first feature proves. Isa is defiantly sunny, her pal severe, volcanic. Isa tries awful things

(like a job handing out flyers on roller-skates) because, hey, they could be "très cool"; Marie endures awful things (like an affair with a bourge creep) to confirm her dour view of the world. The stars shared the Best Actress prize at Cannes last year, and both are brilliant. But Bouchez's expressive face lets you speed-read each of a dozen moods in a few seconds. That's innate screen genius.

—R.C.



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The millennial version of Microsoft's blockbuster business suite is arriving. Is Office 2000 for you?

Joshua Quittner

every which way. At the top, it's taking a shellacking from the Justice Department, which has effectively painted it as the slickest monopoly since Standard Oil. At the bottom, the hacker underground is attacking it with viruses like Melissa and Happy99.exe. And at Microsoft's very core, its next-generation operating system, Windows 2000, is MIA. The long-

promised Windows overhaul, due months ago, might not even reach consumers by the millennium. The company has apparently just discovered that home users are a huge market; rather than force an industrial-strength operating system on housewives and schoolkids, it will give them a retooled Windows 98 stopgap in the fall. Whoopee.

At least Office 2000, that collection of must-have programs for grown-ups, will be shipping this century. The first corporate customers will be getting their copies in the next few weeks; consumers, should they want to, can buy it in June (\$449 for the upgrade; \$799 for the first-time buyer's package).

If you do any serious work on a computer, chances are you were pulled into Microsoft's Office web long ago. Since it controls 75% of the market, you probably use one or more of its applications: Word (for word processing), Outlook (for e-mail), Excel (for spreadsheets), Access (for databases) and PowerPoint (to make tedious, overhead-style slides for interminable meetings). The premium package adds the Web-page builder FrontPage, the image manipulator PhotoDraw, and Publisher, a desktop publishing program. It comes on an intimidating four (!) CD-ROMs, but I needed to install only the first disk to get started; the others hold supplementary material that many users won't need.

That was a relief. I figured that Office 2000 would be another case of Microsoft bulking up its software, giving me features I'd never be able to figure out, let alone use. So far that hasn't been my experience.



Word, for instance, looks like my old program but has a number of improvements, such as better grammar and spelling checkers and menus that adapt to the way you use them.

Still, Office 2000 attempts to spin the Microsoft web even further, adding tools that will benefit mainly corporate, rather than home, users. The Web, in fact, is what the millennial Office is all about. Virtually every program is designed to interact with the

Net. When you create a Word document, for instance, you can save it in the Web's native language, HTML, and upload it to your website. Or add hypertext links to your Word file, or implant e-mail addresses without knowing how to write a line of code. And when Word converts your text to HTML, it saves your formatting so that headline-size fonts, italic text and so on show up online pretty much as they appeared on your screen. Likewise, if you save your files to a Web server, co-workers can grab, change and replace them automatically using the same program—Word, Excel, FrontPage—that created them.

Microsoft claims that Office 2000 permits "universal viewing" by all browsers, even Netscape's. But some of its goodies somehow work best with Microsoft's own browser, Internet Explorer 5. Other features, the company notes, will be greatly enhanced by—you guessed it—Windows 2000. And that also makes me shudder for Microsoft. But not in an empathetic way. ■

For more on other business suites, see our website at timedigital.com. Questions for Quittner? E-mail him at jquitt@well.com

AMUSE YOURSELF This summer you can skip the long lines and outrageous prices at theme parks and design your own instead. The Legoland CD-ROM (\$30, available in July) lets kids ages six and up build castles, waterways and monuments, then see how "visitors" like their design. If roller coasters are more your speed, Microprose's RollerCoaster Tycoon (\$30, available now) lets you build fantasy rides, carousels and haunted houses. But don't forget the snack stands; hungry patrons can get grumpy.



DON'T TRASH THE TRASH CANS Billboards and bus stops are fair game for advertisements, so why not trash bins? Starting this fall, receptacles in some 450 cities, including Atlanta, Denver and San Francisco, will sport lighted ads on all four sides. AdBrite, which designed the bins, used what president Caesar Passannante calls "space-age technology," including



shatterproof panels and energy-saving, fuel-cell-powered fluorescent lamps to make the spiffy, gold-trimmed black bins glow in the dark. But inside it's still just trash.

WAKE UP, LAZYBONES Tired of waking up to an irritating alarm clock or even more irritating talk radio? Jazz up your morning routine with a wake-up horoscope, inspirational saying or your own good-morning message instead. mrwakeup.com offers a free hotel-style call service that gives you the time, weather and choice of greeting. For custom messages, just type in a brief sentence to be read aloud in a synthesized voice. Then select the time and date, enter your phone number and wait for the call. The catch? You have to listen to an ad first thing in the morning.

—By Anita Hamilton





Christine Gorman

The End of Lyme?

A new vaccine provides pretty good protection. But you still have to watch out for those ticks!

BACK IN THE 1950S IT WAS POLIO. NOWADAYS THE BIG summertime scare—at least in the suburbs of the Northeast and northern Midwest—is Lyme disease.

Caught early enough, the tick-borne infection can usually be cleared by taking antibiotics. But if the corkscrew-shaped bacteria, or spirochetes, that cause Lyme disease linger undetected in the body, they can trigger crippling arthritis, serious heart problems and even nerve damage.

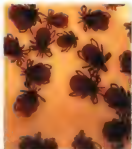
This summer could be different. For the first time there is a vaccine

against the Lyme-causing spirochetes. It's not perfect—you need to take three shots over 12 months, and by the time you're done you're still only 80% protected. Also, the vaccine won't work against the spirochetes in Europe, hasn't been approved for children under 15 (who are at the greatest risk of developing Lyme disease) and won't allow you to relax your guard in the garden or the woods, since ticks carry other diseases as well. But for folks who live in a heavily infested area, particularly if they spend a lot of time landscaping or clearing brush, the shots may be worth it.

You will have to act fast, however, if you want to beat this year's tick season. In order to build up even the 50% protection provided by the first two shots, which are given a month apart, you must start the injections before the end of April.

Manufactured by SmithKline Beecham under the brand name *Lymerix*, the new vaccine operates on the principle that the best defense is a good offense. Unlike other vaccines, it targets disease-causing organisms outside the body, in the tick, rather than after they've invaded the bloodstream. Here's how it works:

A deer tick, or another member of the genus *Ixodes*, attaches to your body and starts sucking your blood, also swallowing the antibodies triggered by the vaccine. If all goes well, the antibodies then kill the Lyme-causing spirochetes in the tick's saliva and intestine. Twenty-four hours later, the tick drops off your body, and you're



Calling the Shots

The new Lyme vaccine

- Will provide 50% protection after two shots; 80% protection after three
- Won't save you from other tick-borne infections

none the worse for wear. Booster shots will probably be required every few years to keep your antibody levels high.

The vaccine's main side effects are soreness and redness at the site of the injection. A few unlucky people also develop fever, chills and other flu-like symptoms that can last up to three days. Doctors have voiced concern that the vaccine could make matters worse for folks who are already unknowingly infected with Lyme spirochetes at the time of inoculation. Researchers looked for these problems during the vaccine's trial

and didn't find any, but that doesn't mean they won't surface later.

The most important thing to remember if you get vaccinated is that you can still develop Lyme disease. So pay attention to any unusual symptoms, like an expanding red rash, that might indicate an active infection. The vaccine makes diagnosis a little more complicated since it means you will automatically test positive on the most commonly used test. There is also a theoretical risk that the vaccine could mask the rash, but once again researchers found no evidence of this effect in the trial.

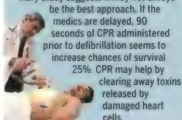
You still have to follow the rules—tuck your pants into your socks, spray DEET on your clothes, check your body and your kids for ticks. But the new vaccine could buy you some extra peace of mind. ■

For more info, visit www.lymenvaccine.com or time.com/personal on the Web. You can e-mail Christine at gorman@time.com

GOOD NEWS

DEFECT DATA Reassuring news from one of the first major studies to look at kids born to moms with birth defects: on average, women with physical abnormalities deliver normal babies 96% of the time. That's about the same rate as moms without birth defects. Exception: mothers with a cleft palate are two times as likely to transmit the condition to their offspring.

PRIMING THE PUMP Rushing to shock a cardiac-arrest patient with a defibrillator may make great TV, but a preliminary study suggests it may not always



be the best approach. If the medics are delayed, 90 seconds of CPR administered prior to defibrillation seems to increase chances of survival 25%. CPR may help by clearing away toxins released by damaged heart cells.

BAD NEWS

DIRTY LITTLE SECRET

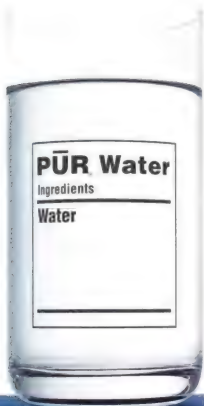
When it comes to cooking and eating food, Americans still haven't cleaned up their act. Data on 20,000 adults show that 20% eat hamburger meat that's pink after cooking, despite the risk of *E. coli* infection. Half say they eat undercooked eggs with runny yolks—which may be linked to salmonella infection. And 25% of men and 14% of women do not routinely wash their hands after handling raw meat and poultry. Who's most guilty? Americans with higher incomes turn out to be among the worst offenders.

SLOSHED SENIORS

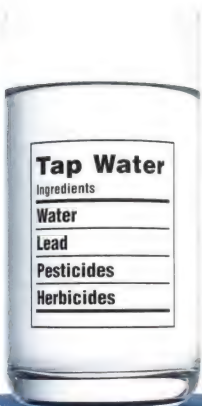
Folks 65 and older may be boozing it up more than they should. A major national survey shows that of the 80% of the elderly who drink, 10% report downing five drinks at a time at least once a month, and 5% have that many drinks every time they imbibe. Heavy drinking can pose problems for seniors, especially if they are on medication that interacts with alcohol. —By Janice M. Horowitz



Sources: "Gravidity, New England Journal of Medicine" (4/1/99); "Assessment of the American Medical Association's (AMA) 1998," "Bad News American Journal of Preventive Medicine" (4/1/99); "Journal of the American Geriatrics Society" (1/1/99).



Mmmm.



Hmmm?

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Daniel Kadlec

My Netmares

After four years of soaring Internet IPOs, Wall Street is a believer. Take heart, but take care

WE ALL KNOW THE INTERNET IS COOL, FUN AND CONVENIENT—and fast becoming indispensable. What we don't know is whether Internet companies are worth the stratospheric prices they command in the stock market. That's the big risk you take in owning high flyers such as eBay and iVillage. Sure, they keep going up. But with little or no earnings, it's tough to gauge their ultimate value—and, possibly, not since William Henry Seward paid the Russians 2¢ an acre for Alaska has a population (Internet junkies, in this

case) been so thoroughly taken to the cleaners.

"Possibly" is the key word because for now, dreamy values for Internet companies persist. The jig isn't up, and it may be that this isn't a jig at all. AOL, which has risen from \$86 to \$164 in the past five weeks, may indeed be the most profitable company in the U.S. some years from now, though last year it strained to make \$92 million. It's certainly priced for success. With a market value of \$166 billion, it's already more than two times as expensive as Ford, the reigning profits champ last year at \$22 billion. Another of the more interesting examples of .com mania is a tiny online auction site called eCom eCom.com, which on the strength of three coms in its name jumped 440% in two days last week.

Don't think Wall Street hasn't struggled with the value problem. Four years after Netscape rang the bell for Net mania with an initial public offering at \$28 a share that soared to \$58 in a day, underwriters remain skeptical and resist pricing Internet IPOs anywhere near where the market does. Last week Rhythms Netconnections was listed at \$21 and closed the day at \$69. Two weeks ago, Priceline.com started at \$16 and shot to \$69. If anything, the pricing of Net stocks is growing more off kilter. The average first-day gain for an Internet IPO has swelled from 30% early last year to 153% the first three months of this year, Comscan reports. Meanwhile, first-day gains in non-Net IPOs generally have been 10% to 20%, in line with historical averages. The gross underpricing of Internet IPOs this deep into a trend should tell you

NET MANIA



IP UN-ON: Pros underprice new Internet issues

something: those closest to the companies don't believe the valuations are sustainable. Companies, underwriters and maybe 200 institutions first in line for IPOs set prices using a discipline based on some multiple of revenue, hits or subscribers that compares with similar companies in the market. But then individuals storm into the stocks at any price, resetting the value and raising the multiples for future Internet IPOs.

Underwriters have started capturing more of the initial value of Internet companies. It's an indication that the pros are grudgingly conceding that Internet companies may be worth more than they first thought. Online firms like Eoffer and Hambrecht & Co., which marked up its first IPO last week, are proving it by going straight to retail and garnering higher prices for their wares. That and the fact that some Internet companies have begun to make real money have prompted firms like Morgan Stanley and Goldman Sachs to begin raising initial prices on their deals as well. In the first quarter, 24 of 25 Internet IPOs were priced above the initial target.

But if it took the pros years to catch on, maybe these companies are more valuable than the revised opinions as well. I wouldn't get carried away with this logic. eBay at 7,600 times earnings a share (market average: 28) is a huge leap. There are good reasons to hop the Internet rocket. But do it on pullbacks, with a fund or basket of stocks—and money you can afford to lose.

See time.com/personal for more on IPOs. E-mail Dan at kadlec@time.com. And see him on CNNfn Tuesdays at 12:45 p.m. E.T.

ROTH ALERT Taxpayers who converted from a traditional to a Roth IRA last year may need to switch back—and fast. Some people who shifted to the new, tax-free retirement accounts then had the good fortune to earn more than \$100,000 in 1998—which means they don't qualify for a Roth. Now, if they don't reverse course and file an amended 1998 return by April 15, their account will be taxed, and they'll also possibly face a 10% penalty for early withdrawal.



FUND FEES ADD UP No matter how much cash Americans plow into mutual funds—\$5.5 trillion at last count—most still can't get a handle on what they're paying managers to run them. So last week the SEC introduced an interactive calculator (www.sec.gov) to show how those confounding fees—front-end loads (sales charges), expense ratios—add up over time. Two \$15 billion large-growth funds—one load, one no-load—can generate very different costs. Use the calculator to help find out if your fund managers are worth the price.

Total Fund Costs



NET INTEREST If you don't really care about ever walking into an actual bank building, consider online banks, which are now offering better rates and lower fees than many bricks-and-mortar versions, plus access to ATMs. Both NetBank, which last week said it had signed up 8,000 new customers in the first quarter (bringing its total to near 25,000), and Telebank offer about 3% on checking. That compares with an average of .95% at most U.S. banks and thrifts. Meanwhile, money-market accounts, many of which offer checking privileges, pay a healthy 5%.

—By Daniel Eisenberg

ONLINE ACCOUNT INTEREST RATES

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U.S. Banks
3%
Internet Banks

Source: Bank Rate Monitor



Business
INTERCONTINENTAL



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These measured masses can be

Author's note: I am indebted to an anonymous reviewer for *Journal of American Studies* for comments that improved this article. I also thank the following for comments: David Nye, David Thelen, and the editor of *Journal of American Studies*. I am grateful to the editor for his helpful suggestions. I am also grateful to the editor for his helpful suggestions. I am also grateful to the editor for his helpful suggestions.



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Daughter's Debut: Devil In a Dior Dress



"I'm the essence of vengeance," says **DOMÉNICA CAMERON-SCORSESE** of her role as an unhappy specter in the film *Bullfighter*. And apparently vengeance is well dressed this year. In her first big screen role, the 22-year-old daughter of director Martin Scorsese and author Julia Cameron wears gowns by Christian Dior designer and fashion darling John Galiano. As for her own fashion sense, Cameron-Scorsese says she's a chameleon, having split time between New Mexico with her mom and New York with her dad. As a child she had bit parts in Scorsese films. Would she like to work with her father again? "Of course," she replies. "What actor in her right mind wouldn't?"

But Will It Last?



DAVID BYRNE—OUTLINE



ALEX REINKENS—OUTLINE

LAST WEEK BOB DYLAN AND PAUL SIMON ANNOUNCED THAT THEY WOULD TOUR TOGETHER

Pros:

- Appreciate each other's Mott the Hoople stories
- Can swap copies of *Modern Maturity*
- Can bond over failed projects (Simon: *The Cape-man*; Dylan: Christianity)

Cons:

- Dylan hard to understand without an interpreter
- Simon may have to share the stage with Soy Bomb
- Simon's rocky relationships: three marriages, one Garfunkel

PREDICTION: Yes! They're both cranky

Lord, Have Mercy

Oddly, a movie that features a trash-talking Apostle and a female God is not one with which Disney is eager to be associated. *Dogma*, written and directed by **KEVIN SMITH**, takes an unorthodox look at religion, and Disney, producer Miramax's parent company, fears it will offend Roman Catholics. So Miramax honchos Bob and Harvey Weinstein have said they'll buy the rights to the film and sell it to another distributor. Smith, a practicing Roman Catholic, says the movie "was always intended as a love letter to both faith and God almighty."



KEVIN SMITH—OUTLINE

DIARY OF A MARRIAGE



RODMAN PIERRE—SYGMA

1

NOV. 14, 1998
Rodman and Electra are married in a Las Vegas chapel



3

NOV. 17, 1998
Electra's publicist issues Rodman statement saying he's happily wed

5

JAN. 22, 1999
In a TV appearance on the *Tonight Show*, Rodman says he's still married



2

The brief but spectacular marriage of Dennis Rodman and Carmen Electra is officially over. The union lasted only five months, but the two experienced as many highs and lows as a couple married twice as long. A few of the most noteworthy:

2

NOV. 16, 1998
Rodman's agent says marriage is a sham; his client was inebriated at the nuptials

4

NOV. 23, 1998
Rodman files for an annulment

6

APRIL 6, 1999
The two officially file for divorce

HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY GRIP

With the phenomenal success of their film *The Matrix* (\$27.7 million in its opening weekend), brothers Larry and Andy Wachowski confirmed that in Hollywood, being your brother's keeper—and co-director—can make your mother very proud indeed.

ANDY & LARRY WACHOWSKI

PAST FILM *Bound*
CURRENT FILM *The Matrix*

AGE DIFFERENCE: Larry, 33, is two years older
FUN FAMILY FACT: Former carpenters, the brothers built their parents a house
RECURRING MOTIFS: Intimidating women
HOW CLOSE ARE THEY? "[Gina] Gershon [seen recently in *Showgirls*] learned that the brothers speak as one." —Chicago Sun Times



JAMES RAY/ANDREW DUNN

JOEL & ETHAN COEN

PAST FILMS *Fargo*, *The Big Lebowski*
FUTURE FILM *Oh Brother, Where Art Thou?*

AGE DIFFERENCE: Joel, 44, is three years older
FUN FAMILY FACT: Their parents were both college professors
RECURRING MOTIFS: Black humor, kidnappings
HOW CLOSE ARE THEY? "They're two individuals with one invariably shared opinion." —L.A. Times



RENEE MONTAGNA/OUTLINE

BOBBY & PETER FARRELLY

PAST FILM *There's Something About Mary*
FUTURE FILM *Stuck on You*

AGE DIFFERENCE: Peter, 42, is one year older
FUN FAMILY FACT: Their parents did not let them watch television
RECURRING MOTIFS: Lowly sight gags
HOW CLOSE ARE THEY? "The Cumberland, R.I.-born brothers are close in age—and even closer in their sense of humor." —USA Today



B. WATSON/20TH CENTURY FOX

ALBERT & ALLEN HUGHES

PAST FILMS *Menace II Society*, *Dead Presidents*
FUTURE FILM *From Hell*

AGE DIFFERENCE: Albert, 27, is nine minutes older
FUN FAMILY FACT: Mother was the Pomona, Calif., chapter president of National Organization for Women
RECURRING MOTIFS: Violence, '70s music
HOW CLOSE ARE THEY? "As co-producers and co-directors of their films, the brothers work very much in concert." —New York Newsday



PHOTOGRAPH BY

CHRIS & PAUL WEITZ

PAST FILM *Wrote screenplay for Antz*
CURRENT FILM *American Pie*

AGE DIFFERENCE: Paul, 33, is four years older
FUN FAMILY FACT: Their father, designer John Weitz, was a spy for the OSS
RECURRING MOTIFS: Too soon to tell, but hopefully they won't revisit teenagers fornicating with pies
HOW CLOSE ARE THEY? "If Paul burps 10 miles away, Chris will apologize." —Chris Weitz



RANNEY/20TH CENTURY FOX

Vincent van Cobain



ARND BRONKHORST/PHOTO

Kids, beware of enterprising teachers. You never know when they may put your homework up for auction. Robert Hunter, the high school art teacher of deceased Nirvana singer and enduring cult figure **KURT COBAIN**, recently consigned some of the musician's work to Christie's auction house for an upcoming



KURT COBAIN—CHRISTIE'S

sale. Among the items, a signed pencil and watercolor depiction of Michael Jackson and a graphite on paper rendering of then-President Ronald Reagan, below. The latter earned high marks from Hunter ("Kurt, your caricatures are outstanding. 10/10, A"). Christie's appraisers, apparently, favored the Jackson, assigning it a pre-sale estimate of \$3,000 to \$5,000, while the Reagan likeness was estimated at \$2,000 to \$3,000. Alas, the public will not have its say. According to a Christie's spokesperson, Hunter pulled the lots following entreaties from Cobain's family, which wanted mementos from this period of his life. Fans will just have to wait for some old math tests to surface.



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